

QUARTERLY BULLETIN
OF THE
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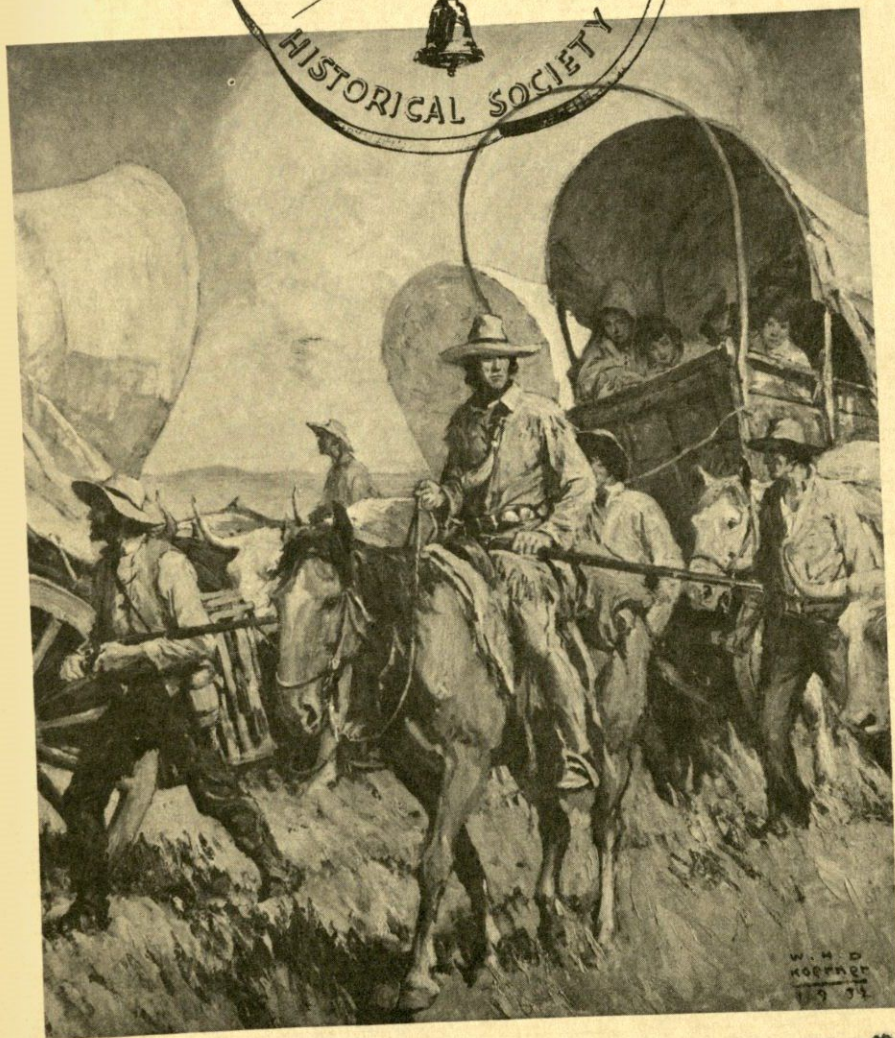
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Juliette Walker (Fish) (About 1864)

NOTICIAS

QUARTERLY BULLETIN OF THE
SANTA BARBARA HISTORICAL SOCIETY

FOREWORD

By Henry McLaren Brown

Carpinteria was the home of Juliette Walker Fish, my grandmother, whose reminiscences of her crossing of the Plains to California in 1862 with her father and his family when she was sixteen, was also my part-time home when I was a young man.

In 1924 there was a great reunion and "Covered Wagon Picnic" at Carpinteria Beach Auto Camp, to which many of the old Pioneer families and their descendants came for the day (March 19) to exchange memories of their treks across the Plains and to renew old friendships.

This reunion awakened many dormant memories of those stirring days across the plains, and my grandmother wrote down as much as she could remember of her experiences.

Since then I have made copious notes of many conversations I have had with the survivors of the cross-country treks of the 50's and 60's, including those with my grandmother. To further document these notes I have traveled extensively over much of the original trail followed by the Walker train which is described here.

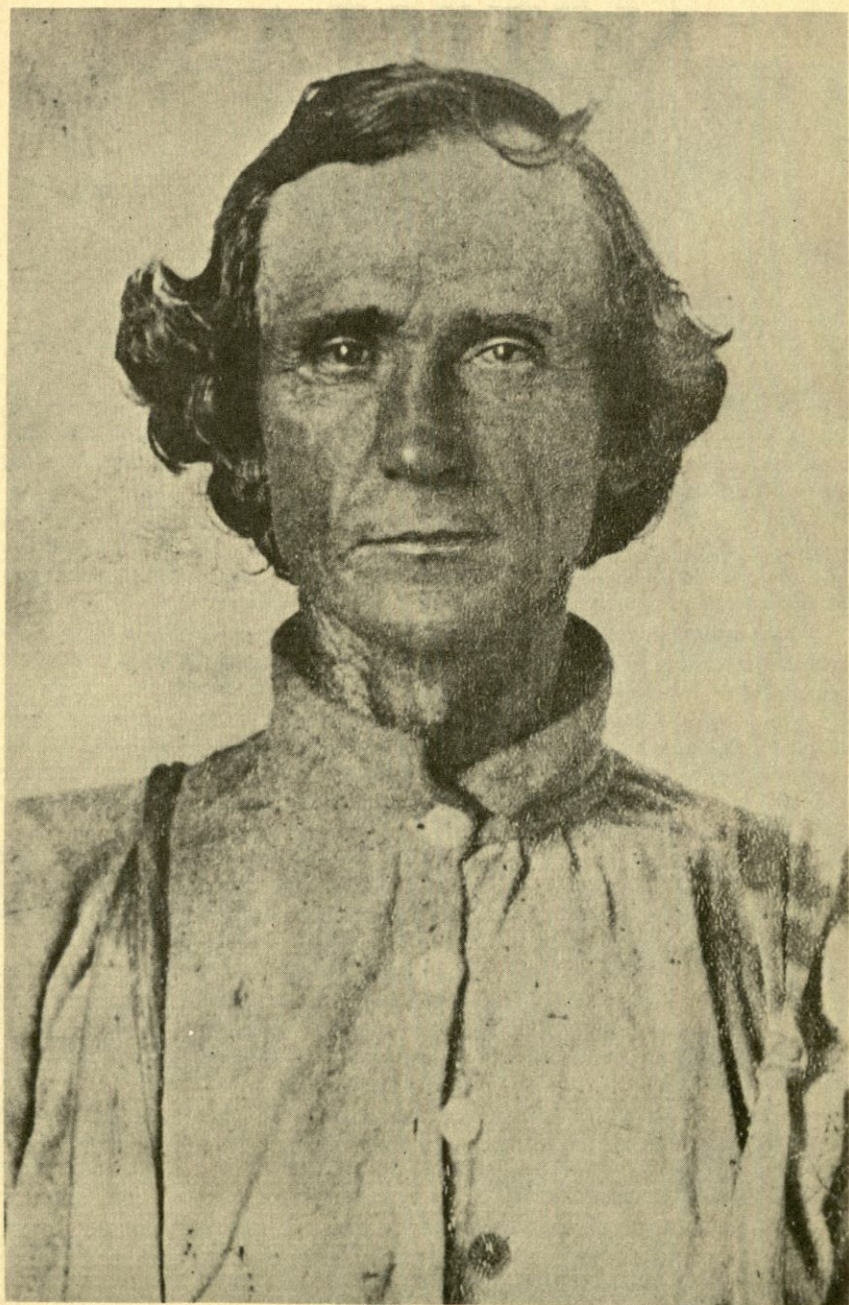
At American Falls in 1962, just a century after the Walker trek, and at the State Historical Library in Boise, Idaho, Dr. Merle Wells helped me find many diaries of pioneers which described the daily activities of various members of the wagon trains.

To give continuity to my grandmother's account I have pieced together some of these fragments. However my main guide, of course, will be the memoirs of Juliette Walker whom I remember well and whose sayings and anecdotes were commonplace in the daily conversation in my part-time home in Carpinteria.

I have included fragments from the diaries of Jane Gould, Hamilton Scott, H. C. Ellis, Alvin Zaring, and George Ormsby, all of whom were members of the Kennedy wagon train which joined the Walker train on their memorable journey of 1862.

As the narrative progresses I shall indicate by the name of my grandmother, Juliette WALKER, myself, Henry Brown, and by each of the Kennedy members I have mentioned, exactly who is speaking.

I would also like to give credit to Tom Dille, historical writer of American Falls, who was most helpful and who introduced me to Roy Zaring, whose father Ezra Zaring was a small boy in the Kennedy wagon train.



Captain John Walker (About 1859)

CROSSING THE PLAINS

By Juliette Walker (Fish)

WALKER—When we started our journey across the plains I started to write an account of it and at the close of the first day made this entry:

“We started from Vernon Springs, Howard Co., Iowa, on the 5th of March in the year 1862 for California. Traveled about 20 miles.”

Then the thought came to me that from day to day the entry would be about the same, except that the distance traveled would be a few miles more or less — I did not feel that it would be of interest to anyone. Now I wish I had kept on and done the best I could.

BROWN—The Walker family had two wagons. John P. Walker was 50 years old. His wife Fanny was 48. She had plied her trade as a seamstress to help finance the trip. Their children were Sophie 18, Juliette 16, John 14, (who drove one wagon) and Emmaline 12.

In 1924 Juliette Walker Fish recalled her experiences of 1862:

WALKER—My father, John P. Walker, was much interested in California, its climate and gold mines, and in 1849 he fitted out some young men who were serious of going there to search for gold. If they were successful, he was to share in their success. I do not remember the venture. One of the young men was an Englishman named Lloyd, who did the cooking for the party. He was the only one to return to our town. He said that they suffered great hardships and would have starved had it not been that father packed three cans of dried beef for them and told him not to use it until everything else was gone, so when the other provisions were used up, he made soup of it and kept the party alive 'til they could get more provisions.

During the Pike's Peak gold excitement in 1859, my father left his home in Vernon Springs, Howard County, Iowa, to go to Pike's Peak. On the way he met his brother Elijah, who was returning from there. Not expecting to see his brother, father did not notice who was approaching until Elijah Walker stepped in front of him and said, “John, don't you know your own brother?” Elijah said that gold was very plentiful at Pikes Peak, but in order to get it, stamps for crushing the rock and big machinery to handle the rock would be necessary and he advised father to return home.

John Walker Goes to California in 1859

Father did not want to give up his trip, so he came to California and stayed for a year in Quincy, Plumas County, where he worked in a blacksmith shop for a man named Mr. Mastin. He made arrangements to buy the shop of Mr. Mastin later when he should return with his family. Then he went home, traveling by ship to Panama, crossing the Isthmus, and taking another ship to New York and thence home. His business detained him in Iowa until 1862 when we started on our journey.

At Omaha we purchased our provisions and fortunately laid in a good supply.

BROWN—They bought some hogs and cured the meat. This was supposed to last out the five-month trip. Needless to say it often became rancid before the trip ended. Barrels of flour were carried and the standard fare was biscuits and bacon, probably embellished with white gravy — not an adequate diet. Potatoes and fresh meat were luxuries.

At Omaha a group of emigrants banded together making forty wagons. An election was held and John Walker was chosen as captain.

WALKER—Our train traveled twenty miles after leaving Omaha and we camped on the Elkhorn River. At the river there was a ferry boat that had been built by an emigrant who, after he had taken his train across the river, sold the boat to the next train for two dollars and fifty cents, expecting each train to do the same. The man who had charge of the boat when we came there wanted to sell it to us for thirty dollars, but our people took the boat, paying him two dollars and fifty cents for it, and after our train had gone over we sold it to the next train for the price we paid for it.

Kennedy Train Had 52 Wagons

BROWN—At about the same time, May 25, the Kennedy train left Glenwood, Iowa, with 88 men, 46 women and 86 children. It had 52 wagons, 315 head of cattle and 38 head of horses and mules. Obviously, practically all the pulling was done by cattle. The percentages of people would show that half the men had their families. On starting, the wagons would be heavy with food, but the animals were fresh and the land flat.

WALKER—I was interested in the Indians we saw there. One Indian had been to Washington and someone had given him a soldier's uniform which he was wearing with a white dress shirt that was clean, but neither starched nor ironed. It (the shirt) was worn as an outside garment and gave him a very odd appearance. He had flattened and polished some silver coins, joined them together and fastened them to his hair, so that they hung from the crown of his head nearly to the ground. He looked fine and seemed to know it. I was much pleased to see some dresses some squaws showed us. They were very fine deer skin. One was trimmed with the teeth of some animal; bear, I think. The teeth had been polished and looked beautiful. There were three rows of these teeth around the skirt and a row around the neck and sleeves and on the girdle. The moccasins also were trimmed with them. It was quite artistic. The other dress was trimmed with beads. There was a broad band of beads six inches wide around the skirt, and running through it was a beautiful design of wild roses. To be worn with this dress was a small shoulder cape completely covered with bead embroidery to match the dress. The girdle and moccasins also were of solid embroidery of the same design. To add still more to their beauty both dresses were trimmed with deep fringe made of deer skin. This description does not do them justice for they were very beautiful and I wanted one of both of them. These Indians were living in wigwams made of skins. (Probably Arapahoes, the most artistic of the Plains Indians.)

The Platte River is very dangerous with its bed of quicksand. My father's best friend was drowned in it when he was on his first trip across the plains. Father saw his friend in the river leaning against a sand bar and called to him, saying, "hold on, I am coming." Just then he was swept away. The Platte was eighty rods wide in this place.

My memory takes me back to the time when I saw a tall man standing on the Loup Fork of the Platte River. As he stood looking out over the water, I wondered if his thoughts were of that old friend whom he saw swept away by the treacherous stream while he stood in that place three years before. This man was our captain, the one who was to lead us across the plains, upon whose shoulders rested the responsibility of guiding us through dangers we little dreamed of.

We had the most terrible thunderstorms while traveling along the Platte. I remember how the wind howled around our camp. "I think, Captain," said one of the men, "we had better fasten the wagons to the ground or they will be swept away by the river tonight." The night grew dark and we sought the shelter of the tent. The storm burst in all its fury. Flash upon flash of lightening, peal upon peal of thunder, till all the world was a blaze of light and our ears were deafened by the roar. How frail was that little cotton tent that stood between us and the dreadful storm.

Along the way we passed acres and acres of country covered by prairie dog mounds and we could often see little dogs and owls near the mounds. At one place we came to a great bank of snow probably fifteen feet high. As we had started the middle of May this was a great surprise to us. Near the snow were ripe strawberries. Further on we passed a place, where by digging a few inches, we found ice.

BROWN—As the Kennedy train moved across the plains of Nebraska they met many small groups who had started from Iowa or Missouri at about the same time. These groups would join or leave the Kennedy train at their own volition and it grew to about 80 wagons.

The Walker train had maintained a closely knit group with the same 40 wagons it started with. Somewhere on the plains they joined forces with the Kennedy train.

One of the groups who crossed the Missouri River at Kansas City included the Ormsby family and 15 year old George Ormsby. The Ormsbys went through to Petaluma, California, and in 1909 George moved with his family to a hill-top ranch just north of Ventura. I visited there in 1935.

George Ormsby Recollections

The Walker train joined us and Walker became captain of the entire train. He had crossed the plains before and knew the dangers better than the other men. Walker and the few men who had horses used to keep ahead of the train to find feed and camping grounds.

WALKER—On the 4th of July we stopped at Independence Rock . . . It was best not to stop long to celebrate, but we had some patriotic speeches. We ate some of the best of our provisions and as a special treat we ate the last of our sardines.

BROWN—At Independence Rock in central Wyoming, they were 70 days from Iowa. The high plains had been notable mainly for the monotony and unvarying routine.

The Walkers had learned that the best way to go to California was to walk. The wagons were hot and dusty and had no springs.

SCOTT—The grass was poor along the Platte. At the Platte bridge the stock swam across and the wagons were pulled over the shaky bridge by hand.

July 6—Cattle suffering for feed. We drive the cattle three or four miles from camp for feed.

Murderer Convicted And Shot

July 10—Capt. Kennedy holds court—convicts a murderer—he was shot. (The authority of captains varied considerably. It was rare for a captain to assume that much authority.) About 200 wagons here and some soldiers to protect the immigrants.

July 12—Laid in camp for the purpose of setting wagon tires and shoeing horses.

July 15—Some of the men shot an antelope which seemed to be the best meat I have ever eaten . . .

WALKER—We saw long lines of government wagons drawn by fifteen yoke of oxen. We traded a yoke of large fat oxen that were footsore for a yoke of sinewy long horned oxen that were better able to stand the hardships of the trip.

BROWN—On July 17, they reached the Green River. The water was very high and fast, indicating heavy snows in the northern mountains during the previous winter. (It was the winter of the great flood in California.)

There, as at the Platte, groups were camping nearby waiting for the water to subside. The Kennedys and Walkers set to work on the 18th dismantling the wagons and equipment. Five of the Kennedy's and two of the Walker's wagons were caulked with tar for use as boats. On July 19, the entire day was spent transporting the people and equipment across. (The cattle swam across.)

SCOTT—We put our horses into the river three times and they would go about half way and then turn downstream and drift back to our side. We finally led one beside the boats and the others followed.

ORMSBY—Ropes were stretched across to help pull the boats across without drifting away. Another boy and I waded in the water helping to get things across the whole day long. The next day my feet were so swollen from exposure that I had to stay in the wagon all day.

WALKER—The boats were fastened together end to end. The first boat carried only rowers but the one behind was piled high with the rest of the wagons, tongues, wheels and the camp equipage and provisions.

One woman had all her dishes and utensils in a tub but when the boat was starting, the tub slipped off the top of the pile and floated downstream. Her husband ran downstream, swam out to it and brought it back.

Emmaline held back till most everyone had crossed so there would be more chance of someone helping her in case the boat upset. Finally father gave instructions to "bring my little girl across the next time you come."

It was a great undertaking to move a train across a large swift river that way and many trips were made before all were over. I think the government made a mistake by not building bridges over those large rivers and also by not sending soldiers to guard the immigrants. This country would have been settled much sooner if this had been done.

At Fort Bridger the Army officer promised to send an Army escort to guard us, but failed to do so.

BROWN—Jim Bridger spent that summer guiding a government expedition, so it is doubtful if they got to meet him.

WALKER—We were called to see a buffalo but I said I would wait till I could see lots of them. There weren't any more and I never got to see one.

BROWN—The early trains hoped to improve their food supply with buffalo. In practice, hunting them and drying the meat was time-consuming and the results unpredictable. It was also an excessive strain on the horses. By 1862, the buffalo had diminished along the Platte. This was cause for concern among the plains Indians.

SCOTT—July 22— Saw some Indians at a distance. The Indians have been attacking and stealing here. (Twenty head of stock were stolen from the Walker party. Capt. Walker would not let the men go in pursuit.) We passed the grave of a man the Indians had killed. (Zaring note; When we passed by, his little dog was lying on the lonely grave.)

The captain thought it best, as we were getting into Indian country to test the bravery of the men in the train. He had the guards raise the alarm that the Indians were attacking. This caused quite an excitement. One old fellow jumped out of his wagon and, getting on his knees, called upon the Lord for protection at the very top of his voice. Judging from the old fellow's daily life, I would think it was probably the first time he ever prayed.

July 25—Our cattle stampeded twice last night.

July 28—Many stampedes—upset wagons—lost cattle. A bear chased 12 cattle into rough country. (Four were recovered and eight were returned by a following train three hundred miles further along the trail)

August 4—Our cattle being so unsafe traveling all together, we divided our company into four parts and traveled some distance apart, all camping together at night.

ORMSBY—By this time the stock were almost like wild cattle from being on the plains so long. One of our cows disappeared and the next day when two men came driving her back our teams saw her and ran off the road bawling at her.

Wigwam Burned

WALKER—Once some men in our train burned a wigwam and the old Indian and squaw were starting for the hills when we overtook them and gave them large quantities of provisions until they were well satisfied. (Jane Gould wrote that some Snake Indian shelters were burned and a group of angry braves appeared in camp. Captain Walker identified the culprits as members of his camp.) The Indians demanded the men but were given supplies instead.

WALKER—At night we had inside and outside guards. When it was father's turn to guard, mother would watch for him so he could rest. She would keep the gun and be ready to call him if danger threatened.

BROWN—(Walker's rifle was a muzzle-loading 1844 Springfield. I still have the rifle and a few other items of the wagon train.)

BROWN—(The area between Ft. Bridger and Ft. Hall brought them into mountainous country, and increasing Indian danger. Tighter security and more guard duty caused resentment of Walker among some of the younger men. There was much antagonism toward Capt. Kennedy in his group. Alvin Zaring shared that resentment.)

SCOTT—August 7—We came to a branch of the Snake River which we had to ferry, costing us \$1.50 per wagon. I gathered some very nice currents. We will have some pies.

BROWN—(At the Port Neuf ferry, a white man appeared riding a white mule, one which had been stolen in the earlier raid. Captain Walker recognized it as his mule by unmistakable markings but he made no move to recover it.)

GOULD—Traveled eight miles along the river. There were four or five Mormon wagons here, trading. They sold flour for \$10 a hundred. We bought a dozen onions, traded some caps for them (for cap and ball rifle).

BROWN—In 1844 at Ft. Hall on the Snake River, flour had sold for \$1 per pound. In the gold rush it sold for \$10 per pound if available. By 1862 the Mormons had a thriving trade along the routes.

GOULD—Onions sell for 2 cents apiece. We had onion soup for supper. The ferry men were quite gentlemanly fellows for this part of the world. Here we saw some Shoshone or Snake Indians.

GOULD—We took lunch after we crossed the river. (Lunch was usually a lengthy period of rest and grazing for the stock, after which they would travel until evening.) We can see the Salmon River mountains. Traveled a hilly, dusty road.

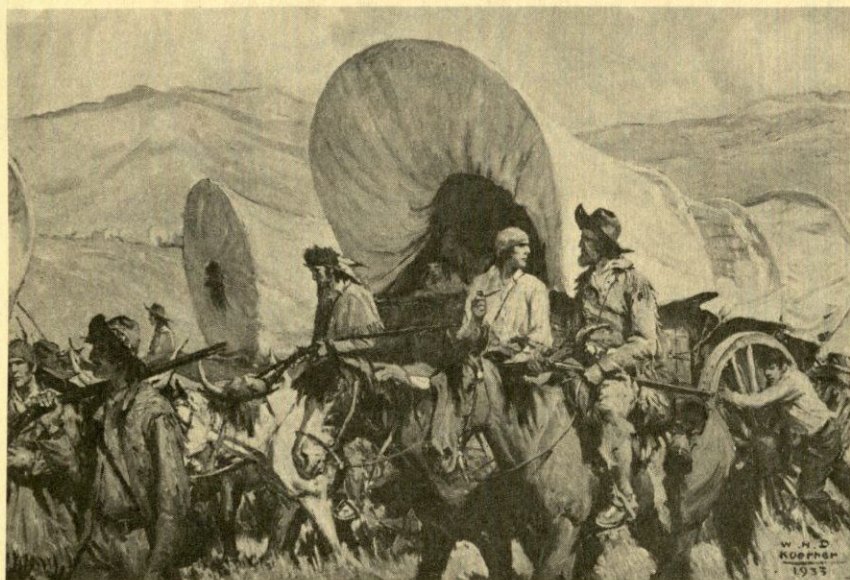
August 9—Traveled five miles to the Snake River, followed it for two or three miles when we came to American Falls. It is quite a sight. It falls over rocks 30 or 40 feet and there are two or three little rock islands in it which make it a second Niagara. We nooned it there to examine it closely. Some of the men caught some very nice trout. We stayed till two o'clock, then traveled till four or five o'clock when we, from the back of the train, saw those on ahead all get out their guns. (The Walker train was ahead.)

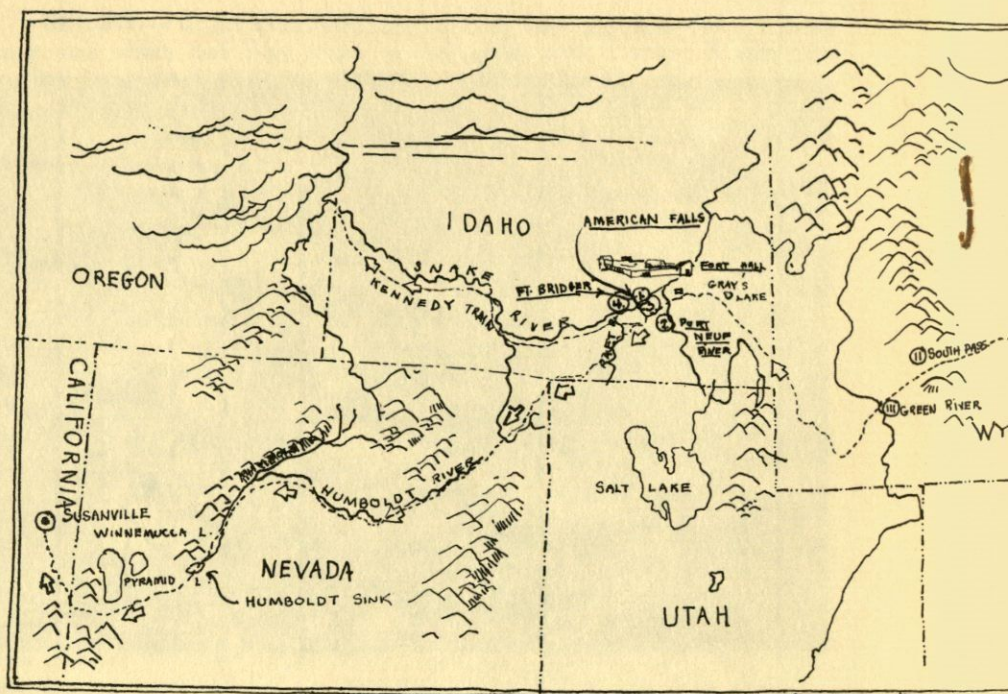
Signal Horn Now In Santa Barbara

WALKER—We had planned that when we came to American Falls the train would stop there and all would have a good time fishing. As the train stopped, the people separated and scattered along the river. The noise of the falls was so great that one could not hear a person calling and many were out of sight of each other. Father soon realized that they were in great danger from the Indians and had the signal horn blown for the wagons to start on. (The horn was a conch shell Walker had brought from Panama. Because of a previous lip injury he could not blow the horn and this became Sophie's duty. This horn is now on display at the Santa Barbara Historical Society Museum — a gift of Kate Walker who was a charter member and granddaughter of Capt. Walker.)

BROWN—(The train moved away from the river and continued on for several miles where they stopped on high ground for the noon meal. This sudden departure from the falls so inflamed the feelings of the group that a meeting was hastily called and it was decided to replace Capt. Walker with one of the younger men.)

WALKER—As night drew near a horseman approached my father and in an excited, terrified voice said, "Captain, everything ahead of you is taken by the Indians. We are bringing in the dead and wounded and want you to stop the train till we can get them to the road so you can take them to the camp." Father said, "I can not stop a train with women and children in every wagon to care for the dead, but you can take a team from the train to bring them in." Another man came who was less excited and father asked, "Well stranger, what is it? Is all taken ahead of us?" "No," said the man, "but there are several wounded and some killed. We are bringing them to the road and wish for a way to get them to camp."





While all this was happening, father did not remember that another man had been elected in his place and no one seemed to think of it again, so everything went on just as it had before the election.

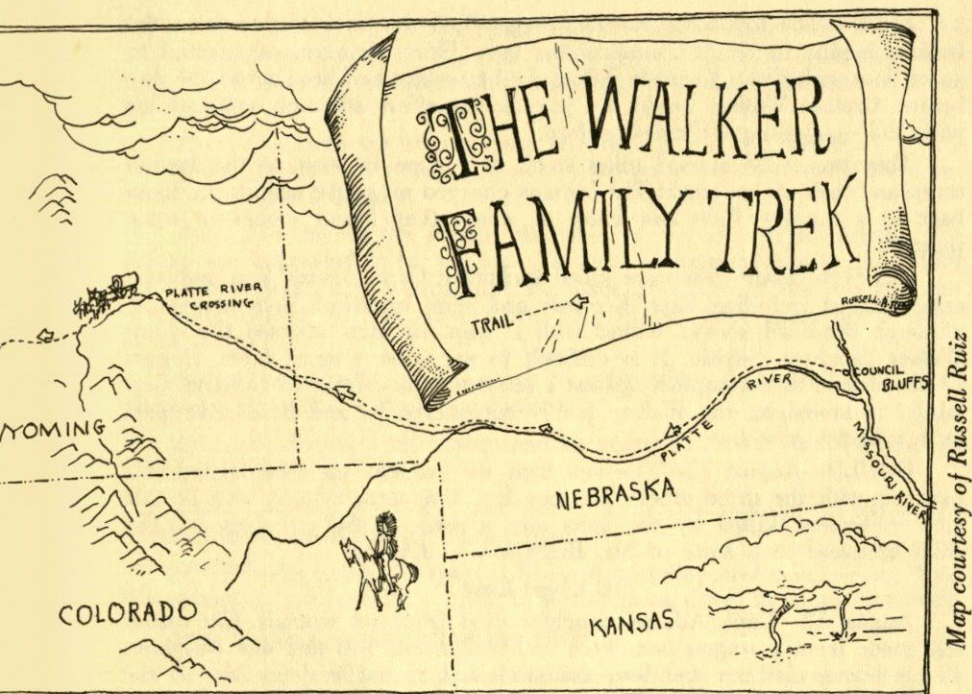
Darkness settled down upon us before we reached camp that night. How well our captain knew that camp. There was only one place for miles where the cattle could get down the river bank to water, yet there was no hesitancy or uncertainty in the captain's voice as he told the guards where to find feed and water for the teams. Women from the other camp brought us live coals of fire so that our fire might be more easily kindled, and many other little services were rendered. Strangers though we were, our common lot drew us nearer together.

BROWN—Massacre Rocks is marked by an historical monument. At its ceremonial opening it was unveiled by a great-granddaughter of Alvin Zaring. On Aug. 10, 1937, two grandchildren of Captain Walker visited on the 75th anniversary. On Aug. 10, 1962, I was there with my family for the Centennial. Massacre Rocks are some rough volcanic outcroppings $\frac{1}{4}$ mile south of the river.

Indians Attack

WALKER, GOULD, ZARING and ELLIS accounts merged—The Adams train of eleven wagons and 65 head of stock stopped for the noon meal.

Approximately 200 mounted and armed Indians suddenly attacked and started robbing the wagons and driving away the stock. The people made a hasty retreat and were not pursued, but wealthiest member, Mr. Bullwinkle from New York, was fatally shot and robbed. His dog would not leave him and was shot. Captain Adams' daughter, Elizabeth, 17, held back to assist



her parents and was shot in the neck and seriously wounded. Two other men were killed.

One of the immigrants caught a horse that had escaped—the only animal recovered—an Indian struggled with him for possession of the horse but by throwing sand in the Indian's eyes, he made his escape and rode back on the trail to bring help. Meanwhile the Indians stripped the wagons of everything, dumped the feathers out of the mattresses to carry the loot in and took the oilcloth off the wagons. When finished they headed into the hills to the south. (Piles of feathers marked the site of every successful raid.)

Two members of the party hid in nearby boulders during the entire time and said that the leaders of the raid spoke good English. One of the survivors saw a dust cloud and shouted "Captain Walker is coming." The robbers understood what he said and hurried their departure although it was only a dust cloud.

BROWN—The camp that night was at Register Rock downstream from Massacre Rocks. There they joined the survivors of an attack the same day on the Hunter train. This was a horse train of twelve wagons. Eight of their horses were stolen and two men killed including Captain Hunter.

WALKER—The captain of the small horse-drawn train was shot but lived long enough to give orders to corral the train and prepare to fight. Just then four horsemen, wearing Army coats, leading pack mules and returning east from Walla Walla saw the action and came up at a full run. They joined in the fight and the Indians fled before the fire of their Winchester rifles. One of these men was Lisander Billman.

ELLIS—The following morning Aug. 10, it was decided to pursue the Indians hoping to recover some of the loss. Thirty-six men volunteered to go on foot with Capt. Kennedy riding the horse that had been saved the day before. Captain Walker would not join in the effort although some of his party did—including William Bradford.

They proceeded several miles south and came in view of the Indian camp and their stolen stock. The Indians charged on ponies and drove them back in a running fight two miles to where they found shelter in some junipers.

BROWN—Four men were killed including Capt. Adams' son and several wounded including Capt. Kennedy and Wm. Bradford. Both recovered, although Bradford always walked with a limp. He later married the eldest Walker daughter, Sophie. It is difficult to see what a small force of men on foot hoped to accomplish against a large mounted force of Indians. Certainly, in hindsight, the Walker family considered it, and Bradford's part in it, a foolish mistake.

GOULD—August 11—The two men we brought up were buried this morning with the three others. So they lay, five men, side by side in this vast wilderness, killed by the guns and arrows of the red demons. The chief appeared in a suite of Mr. Bullwinkle's clothing.

10 Lives Lost

August 12—Capt. Adams' daughter died from her wounds. Her casket was made from a wagon box. Poor father lost one son and one daughter, all his teams, clothing and four thousand dollars and is dependent on the bounty of strangers. (This made a loss of ten lives including those who were lost in the previous day's retreat. No figure was given for Indian losses.) We could not get George to ride after the news. He would walk and carry his loaded pistol. (George was Mrs. Gould's ten year old son. His pistol was a muzzle-loader.)

ELLIS—Thus ended one of the many atrocious tragedies committed on the plains. It shows the loss of lives and property and the trials and suffering the pioneers endured. But it is insignificant when compared to the Mountain Meadows Massacre where 140 persons were murdered in one place, whose bones still lie bleaching, or at least were when I rode a pony back across the plains in 1866.

TOM DILLE, In *The Aberdeen, (Idaho) "Times,"* Aug. 16, 1962:

Just 100 years ago this month a small but plush wagon train reached American Falls. Although there were only 11 wagons in the group, they felt secure in the knowledge that they were sandwiched in between larger companies.

The group had the best equipage that money could buy. Their splendid horses were equipped with flashy harness. Their wagons were painted and well kept. The covering of the Captain's wagon was decorative oilcloth rather than plain canvas. The horses' harness had brass knobs on the hames and fancy multi-colored rings and conchas. This display of wealth was an open invitation that attracted the renegade Indians. (According to Dille, Walter Pocatello, great-grandson of Chief Pocatello related that Chief Pocatello watched the raid from a hilltop. Chief Pocatello disapproved of the action because he had a treaty to protect the immigrants.)

BROWN—Register Rock was four miles below Massacre Rocks. The delays caused by the fighting brought the group to a total of 200 wagons,

indicating heavy travel on the road. They continued on to Raft River, 14 miles, where there was ample feed and water. There, the California trail took the Walker party south while the Oregon groups followed on down the Snake.)

SCOTT—(Here we followed the Oregon Trail a bit further.)

Aug. 13—Capt. Kennedy not able to travel today. Our cattle have become peaceful and healthy.

Aug. 20—One of the guards was shot in the arm by an arrow. The Indian was concealed in the willows. The men surrounded him and kept him till daylight when they routed him. He made good use of his legs and ran two miles where he was shot down. One of the boys gave me a piece of his scalp.

Aug. 21—Friendly Indians came to camp with fish to trade. They tell us we are out of the Snake Tribe country.

Aug. 22—Traveled till 9 p.m. and no grass. Cattle very tired and some of them gave out.

ZARING—Aug. 25—We met the U.S. troops coming to assist the immigrants as was customary each season.

SCOTT—Sept. 2—We made a brush drag today and caught some very fine salmon . . . we caught enough in two or three drags to supply the train.

Sept. 9—Camped on the Owyhee River.

Sept. 13—Capt. Kennedy resigned this morning and the company was well pleased that he did.

BROWN—(Captain Kennedy had been shot in the hip and severely wounded on Aug. 10. He escaped only because he was on horseback. The toll on the captains of whom we have record was considerable. Captain Walker served out his term after being temporarily repudiated. The picture that develops of Captain Walker is one of studied conservatism. The traditional dashing figure on horseback does not appear.)

BROWN—(At Raft River the Walker train proceeded on alone except that Lisander Billman and his three companions joined them. The question of whether to go to Oregon or California was something delayed until the last day. There at Raft River the choice had to be made and friends and acquaintances had to part. This was accompanied by much free advice, not all of it reliable. The Ormsbys and perhaps some others went with the Walker train. Having come from Walla Walla they were returning east on horseback as single men often did. How they decided to change direction and accompany the Walkers is an interesting question. Certainly it was obvious to the group that on leaving their friends and allies they needed the presence of four experienced riflemen. It is very probable that they and their animals were hired escorts.)

WALKER—After the burial services were over we turned our faces sorrowfully to meet the peril that hedged us in on every side. Slowly and tediously we wended our way during those days of danger. We could travel only about eight miles a day but had to change camp every day so the Indians would not know how our camp was arranged. From peak to peak beacon fires were lighted by the Indians to signal our progress ahead. When traveling, men rode ahead and on each side as guards. We circled our wagons at night and the cattle and horses were kept in the corral.

Our provisions and clothing were kept in large sacks and these were piled up on the exposed side of the wagon so as to form some protection, although we knew it was very slight. I placed a feather bed in front of the wagon and placed pillows in between the sacks. They said feathers were good to stop bullets.

One night just after they had changed guards at two o'clock, the guard called "To arms, the Indians, the Indians!" and the firing commenced. Very soon a large black cloud passed over the moon and we thought the Indians had planned to stampede the stock and drive them off while it was dark. The animals got up and moved around but did not stampede, for great care and kindness had been shown them so they would not be easily excited. Soon they were all quiet again. After the cloud obscured their vision, the Indians aimed too high and the bullets went over us. When one man heard the shooting, he raised his head to look out. Just then a bullet went through his pillow. An old lady and a little boy were sitting in another wagon. A bullet passed between them and lodged in an axe handle. As it was customary for Indians to attack at daybreak we thought that this too was led by white men.

ORMSBY—By using the wagon tongues and chains we made a corral leaving a gap for the gate.

I was on guard with another boy and when the stock were frightened they headed for the gate. We ran as quickly as we could to keep them in. None got away.

WALKER—While following along the Humboldt River the Indians would try to stampede the cattle by hiding in the willows and frightening them with blankets. They succeeded once but for short duration.

I can think of nothing worse. Some trains, we were told, had as many as six stampedes in a week. This was the reason we traveled in a small train. One time a team started to run and my mother caught one of the lead cows by the horn and they stopped.

Father had trained his teams so that by holding his hat at arms length and walking in front of the leaders he could guide them around in a circle to form a corral in such a way that the oxen would be inside and the wagons outside of the circle. It would take only one man to guide the wagons in case of attack, the other men being released for fighting if necessary.

BROWN—The oxen were led more than driven. They were controlled mainly by voice commands with a high degree of mutual understanding. The most willing response of the day was to make the circle in the evening.

WALKER—Along the Humboldt there were holes of alkali water. Some of our cattle died from drinking at one of these. Father had brought a good supply of ham and bacon. Some of it we shared with the people who were robbed. He also used it to doctor cattle that had had alkali poisoning.

BROWN—The "doctoring" would be to pour a bottle of warm bacon grease down the animal's throat.

WALKER—Lisander Billman bought a yoke of white oxen for \$100. He paid for them in gold dust. As there were no gold scales in the train, he measured it with a teaspoon.

At last we came to a canyon sixteen miles long. It was narrow with nearly perpendicular walls. With quaking hearts we entered as the Indians were all around in the distance. Men with a whip in one hand and a gun

in the other would walk by the teams. Others on horseback rode back and forth to see that none loitered or stopped by the way.

All things come to an end in this world and so did this canyon. How strange that men can see danger all around and not be aware of it. We were just drawing a long breath of relief when a guard rode up and reported that two wagons were missing.

The wagon train halted and father hesitated. Finally he turned and started up the canyon alone, but two young men spoke up and said they would go. They were Wm. Bradford and Lisander Billman. When they reached the wagons the people had already camped and were not disposed to leave, but a young girl, who drove their loose stock, said if they would start the cattle, she would take them on to camp. The others followed. Again a feeling of relief went through the group and they moved on to camp.

BROWN—(The Piutes of the Humboldt and desert had neither the force nor the organization to make a serious attack. Their efforts were to harass the train in the hope of capturing an animal to augment their meagre food supply.)

WALKER—There were many brave men on the plains, generous and kind-hearted, and a few who were otherwise. One of those who stopped in that canyon was probably the most undesirable. He did many aggravating things, such as milking other people's cows and selling the milk. It is not easy to run great risks for people like that.

Almost all the people in our train were fine, brave people and we had much enjoyment from being together. There were also many interesting things to see. I remember the beautiful wild flowers in the Black Hills. I have often wished to see the Castle Rocks again, just as I saw them then. I saw one large white rock that looked exactly like a house with a chimney, window and green blind, all complete. It was nice grassy country and looked as if each castle was surrounded by its own lawn.



"The trail through South Pass had been worn deep with the wheel tracks of the covered wagons." From an illustration for Stewart Edward White's "Footfarow," 1934.

Painting by W. H. D. Koerner

BROWN—(South of the Humboldt River route was the more direct route to the Carson River which had largely replaced the Truckee River route. Later that same year Juliette's future brother-in-law, Charles Fish, (the county recorder in Virginia City, Nevada) would go east by the Wells Fargo stage on that route. 1862 was also the year that Mark Twain traveled west to Virginia City by stagecoach. That trip is colorfully recorded in his book, "Roughing It."

Strangely, John Walker followed the same route to the Humboldt Sink that an earlier Captain Walker did in 1843. Avoiding the many cut-offs, John Walker swung far south to Ft. Bridger, then followed the Oregon Trail far north to the Snake River before turning southwest again to the Humboldt.

At the Humboldt Sink they took the northern desert crossing to Lassen County. This phase of the journey seems to have been uneventful except for the birth of twins. This would augment their numbers to replace two of their party who had taken the Oregon Trail. The Walker party brought through all its members except those two. This would seem to be notable in view of the chaos that reigned during the middle part of the trip.

WALKER—The happiest event of the trip was in meeting some of Father's friends as we were approaching Susanville. These were friends he had made during his year's stay there, and on hearing of our approach, they came out to meet us. We would have been happy to see them anyway but when they came bringing quantities of vegetables it made it a time of rejoicing and thanksgiving as we had been without such food for five months. We had food to last us through, but our supplies were getting low.

The plains are still there. The mountains and streams are there as they were many years ago, but there have been great changes. In the valleys where the foot of white man seldom or never trod in those times are homes, schools, towns and prosperous cities. The stillness that was broken only by the shrill cry of the Indians or their songs of victory, the growling of the bear and the sharp bark of the coyote is now pierced by the engine's whistle and every sound familiar to civilized man.

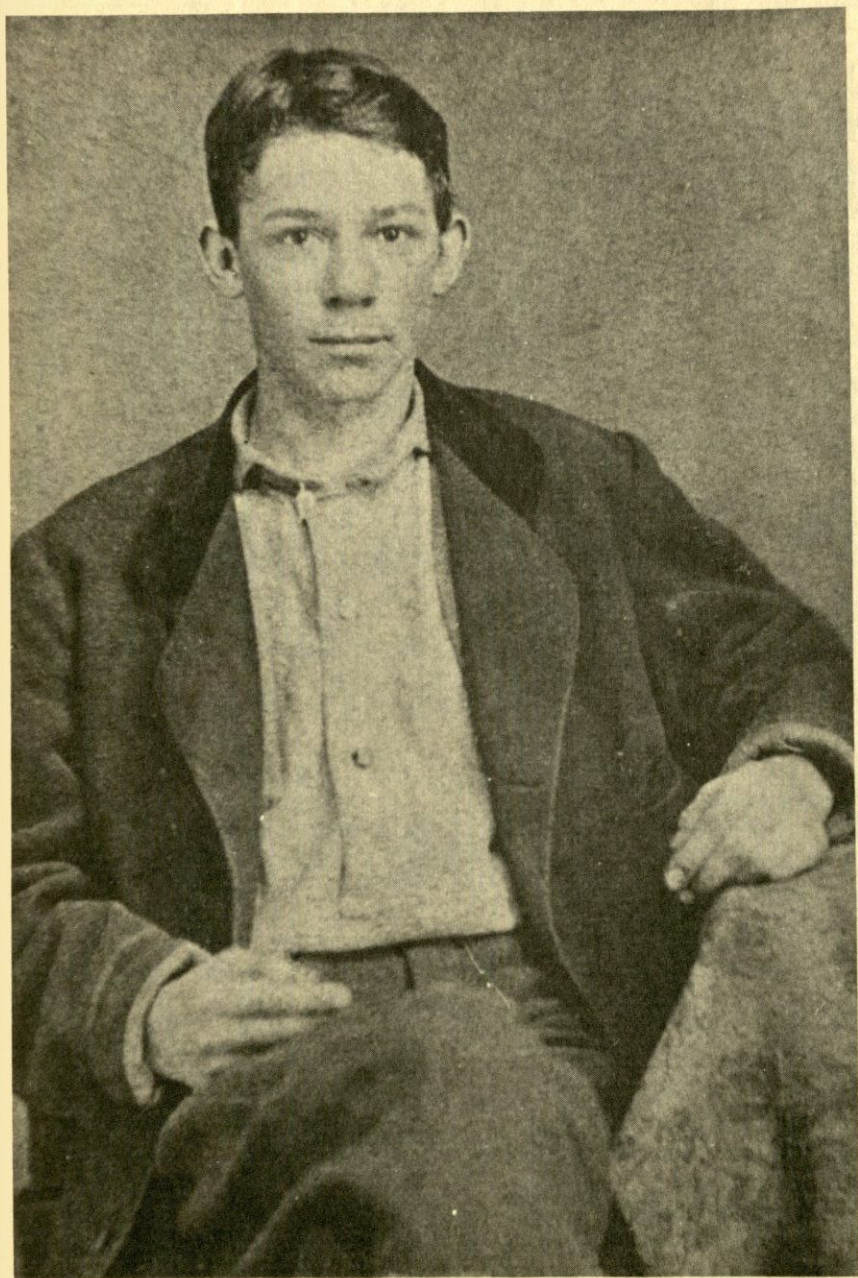
BROWN—As I write this story of oxcarts, men are walking on the moon.

John Walker The Younger

BROWN—The Walker family, who had migrated from Wisconsin to Iowa, stayed a short time in Susanville and then moved south to Quincy. This became their home for several years after which they moved to Montecito in 1859 and on Dec. 4, 1871, to a farm east of Carpinteria in Santa Barbara County. This ended the Walker migration.

In 1924, the film epic, "The Covered Wagon," stirred their interest and the Fish family sponsored a covered wagon picnic at their newly opened Carpinteria Beach camp. Early pioneers and their descendants from Santa Barbara and Ventura counties attended. The Walker train was represented by Juliette Walker Fish, Emmeline Walker, John A. Walker and G. W. Ormsby.

That was March 1924, sixty-two years after leaving Iowa. Following the picnic, Juliette wrote her recollections.



John Walker The Younger (About 1864)



Covered Wagon Picnic At Carpinteria

John Walker, the younger, was a true son of his father. In 1900 he left his farm at Saticoy and with his wife and two daughters, toured California from border to border. That trip was by wagon and took one year. In his later years, John continued his outdoor life packing into the mountains with his daughter, Kate.

In 1869, at the urging of his neighbors, Walker visited Montecito and immediately started moving his family there. They brought a small herd of cattle which is interesting because the movement of cattle had always been from the cow counties of Southern California to the populated mining areas.

Walker bought 90 acres between Col. Haynes and Col. Dinsmore's San Ysidro Ranch. (Dinsmore had come that same year.)

WALKER—Shortly after our arrival the school board asked me to teach. I told them that although I had taught in Quincy and had a certificate for Plumas County, I was not sure that that qualified me here. They answered that if I would teach, they would worry about my qualifications.

BROWN—She describes the time Col. Dinsmore brought home some boxes of oranges. "He invited his neighbors to help eat them and save the seeds. Each of us counted the seeds to see how many we had. His was the first orange orchard in Montecito."

POSTSCRIPT

The century between the explorations of Jeddiah Smith and the covered wagon picnic was a time of admirable achievement. The pioneers could look back with satisfaction on their part in it.

The West had been conquered but the record was not all good. Some land had been exploited. The attitude of the "Americans" toward Spanish Californians was regrettable, but the fond hopes of President Polk and Senator Benton had been realized.

The "vast wilderness" Jane Gould wrote about in 1862 was still big, but no longer wilderness. How would they regard California today and the "progress" of the past twenty-five years? Probably with the same confusion and ambivalence that we do.

One of the grandsons of Captain Walker, Henry Berrian (Harry) Fish, was a college classmate of the California historian, Robert Glass Cleland, author of "From Wilderness to Empire." Henry's Uncle Charles had been a friend of another budding journalist and historian in Virginia City, Mark Twain, author of "Roughing It."

Henry McLaren Brown
Springville, California
Nov. 20, 1969



*"Mesa Vigil." From an illustration for Conrad Richter, 1934.
Painting by W. H. D. Koerner*

W.H.D Koerner

The Koerner illustrations accompanying the Walker article in this issue of NOTICIAS are reproduced through the courtesy of Mrs. Ruth Koerner Oliver of Santa Barbara.

"The documentary accuracy and beauty of W. H. D. Koerner's paintings of the Plains Indians and early pioneers, exemplifies Western Americana art at its best," writes Harold McCracken, Director of the Whitney Gallery of Western Art and the Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyoming.

The Koerner pictures have been exhibited in the leading Museums and Historical Societies in California, Montana, Texas, Wyoming and Arizona.

A comprehensive exhibition of Koerner paintings was on display for several months at the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History in 1968.

Though not so well known as Charley Russell and Frederick Remington, Koerner's work deserves a place among the most important of America's artist-historians of the Old West.

Our sincere thanks and appreciation goes to Mrs. Oliver for the privilege of publishing these beautiful reproductions in NOTICIAS.

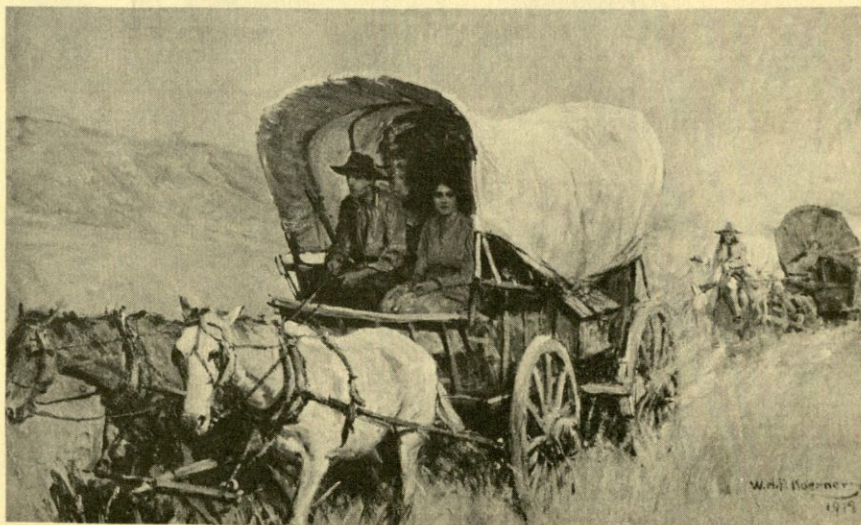
— Editor

COVER PICTURE:

NEW HORIZONS

"More and more were heading over through South Pass." From an illustration for Stewart Edward White's "Folded Hills-I-Tam-Api," 1932.

Painting by W. H. D. Koerner



"Traveling The Old Trails." From illustrations for Emerson Hough, 1919.

Painting by W. H. D. Koerner

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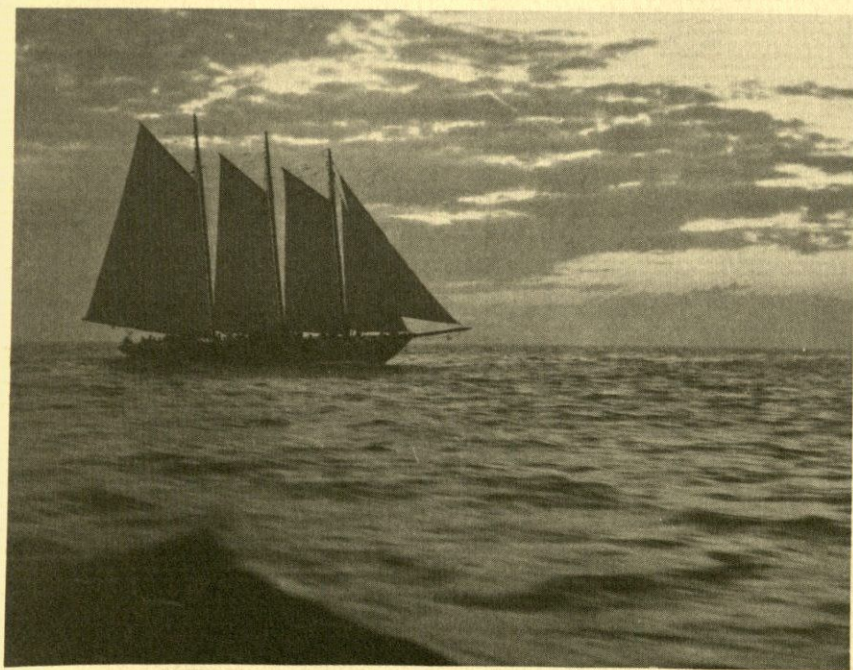
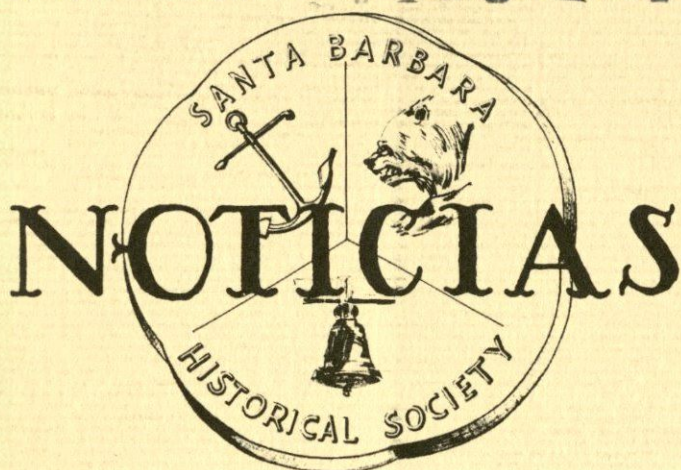
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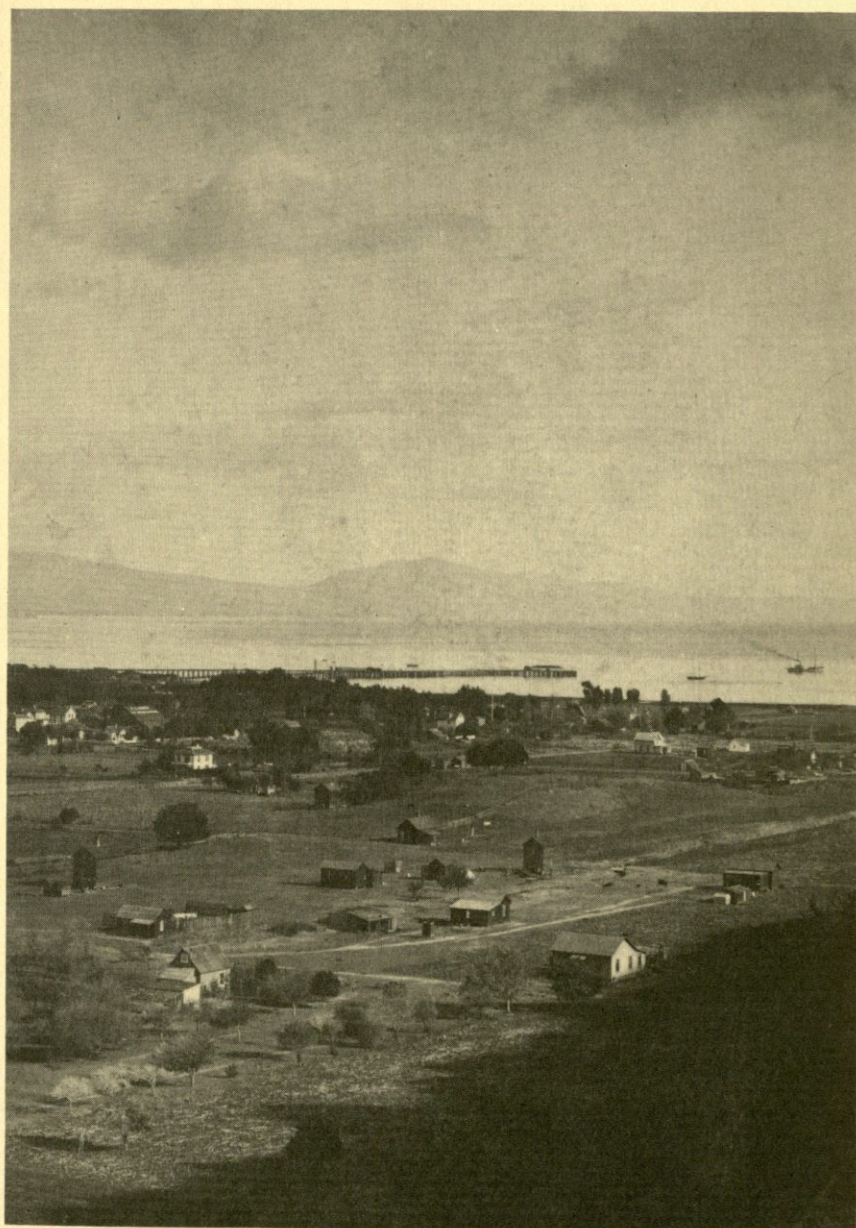
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Santa Barbara as it looked in the 1880's

Cover: Photo by J. W. Collinge

SANTA BARBARA'S RENAISSANCE

In this much-heralded centennial year in Santa Barbara there is ample occasion to commemorate the beginnings of many events, institutions, and landmarks which had their origin in the year 1872. Among them were Stearns Wharf, the original Court House, the first Lobero Theatre, the Lincoln House (now Upham Hotel), the Mortimer Cook residence (still standing at Chapala and Sola streets) as well as various "firsts" in the realm of improvements and utilities including sidewalks, a water system, and many other "modernizations" which first appeared one hundred years ago. This accounts for the popular adoption of the theme phrase for the 1972 Old Spanish Days celebration "Santa Barbara's Renaissance".

Recently there was a formal observance of the centennial of Stearns Wharf in which George V. Castagnola, President of the present Wharf company invited the entire community to a fish fry and presented a 42-page booklet, "Centennial History of Stearns Wharf" by Walker A. Tompkins, News-Press historian.

The organization of the first bank in Santa Barbara was celebrated in May, 1972, when Anna Lincoln Ellis gave a history of the institution with members of the family coming from all over the country as special guests, including his grandson and namesake, Mortimer Cook.

The Chamber of Commerce which was originally organized as the Emmigration Bureau, later changing its name to the Board of Trade, has had a continuing observance of its centennial this year, and as we go to press a special section of the Santa Barbara News-Press is being published as a souvenir of the Chamber's ten decades of service to the community.

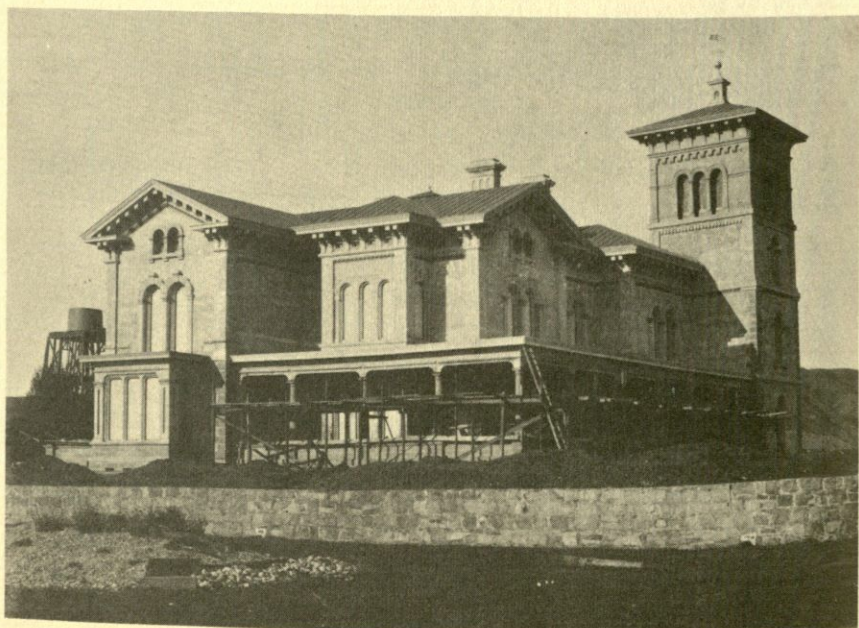
The Santa Barbara Yacht Club commemorated its centennial with a gala affair on Sunday, April 16, when officials of the city and county and the Southern California Yachting Association were entertained with yacht races on the annual "Opening Day" of the club.

The Lobero Theatre, which was built in 1872 but did not run up its curtain for the first time until February 22, 1973, is planning a centennial celebration early next year.

During the next two or three years there will be many additional observances of "firsts" in Santa Barbara, culminating with the memorializing of the building of the famous Arlington Hotel (1875) which stood where the Arlington Theatre stands today and which was one of California's most famous tourist hotels for fifty years.



County Court House, one of Barber's first commissions in the early 1870's.



Dibblee mansion overlooking the harbor. Pride of architect Barber. Taken while in course of construction.

PETER J. BARBER

Architect Extraordinary

(1830-1905)

Few citizens in Santa Barbara's history have left their imprint on the City as indelibly as Peter J. Barber, Architect, Postmaster, Mayor and outstanding citizen. He was loved and respected while he lived and significantly honored when he died. Wherever one looks today one can see evidence of Barber's efforts to improve his beloved adopted city, even though most of his original buildings have long been replaced.

Barber's ancestors emigrated from England to America in 1634, only fourteen years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock. They settled in what became Newbury, Massachusetts. Peter's father was born in Canton, Connecticut in 1773, the youngest in a family of six children. They moved to what was then the "frontier", Portage, Ohio. They recorded that they made a "quick trip" by ox team in 1820, only forty-five days on the trek! However they were beset with adversity and in 1828 their first farm was destroyed by fire and within fifteen months five brothers and sisters had died. Peter was born on November 26, 1830.

CAME TO SANTA BARBARA IN 1852

Peter was the only survivor of his large family and at 17 he was apprenticed to a cabinet maker after which he studied architecture and building. In 1852 he came to California via the steamship *United States* hoping to make his fortune as a gold miner. The voyage from Panama lasted 65 days and took the lives of 16 of the passengers through disease.

Barber straightway upon arrival made for the diggings in the Sierras but was doomed to disappointment, for he soon returned to San Francisco with less cash than when he left.

His early training quickly enabled him to get a job as assistant to Reuben Clark, then San Francisco's most noted architect who was designing the new California State Capitol in Sacramento and many of San Francisco's important office buildings. Reuben was much in demand, for following several major city-wide conflagrations, San Francisco was in a period of its first solid building boom.

Barber was married in 1859 to Mary J. Wheaton of New Orleans. They had five children. In 1869 he and his family moved to Santa Barbara, a town of barely 6,000 people where, he later wrote, "only a half dozen respectable American-built dwellings and no public buildings existed, except old adobes." Of the residents, he stated, they were "as refined, cultured, benevolent and patriotic a class as any in the world".

In 1878 Barber was appointed to the Board of Health. The following year President Garfield designated him Postmaster, a position which was continued under President Chester A. Arthur. He was soon elected Mayor of the City and in 1890 he served his second term in that office.

He planned the Plaza del Mar as a center for recreation and public affairs, and when President Harrison came to Santa Barbara he arranged a splendid reception for the Chief Executive who was honored with the first "Battle of Flowers" with floral arches spanning State Street and a beautiful parade of rose-decorated carriages and richly caparisoned horses.

Barber early conceived the idea of a beach boulevard but he was roundly criticised by tax-conscious citizens to whom he promptly apologised for this "ill-advised suggestion". He also suggested the name "Channel City", but while it never became official, it has since become a descriptive name recognized throughout California.

As President of the County's Mid-winter Fair Association which planned an exhibit for the San Francisco fair of 1893, Barber designed a structure to represent the City. It was in the shape of an Egyptian Pyramid and complemented the De Young Museum in Golden Gate Park which was also in the then popular Egyptian design.

COURTHOUSE COMPLETED IN 1872

Santa Barbara's first permanent Court House, completed in 1872, was one of Barber's first commissions. In rapid succession he designed and supervised the construction of Mortimer Cook's Clock Building, Cook's own residence, the Upper Hawley Block, the elegant Arlington Hotel, the Thomas Dibblee mansion on the bluff where the City College is today, the Unitarian, Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian churches, the Lincoln House (now the Upham Hotel), the first Cottage Hospital, the Opera House, Public Library, The Hope Mansion, Hunt-Stambach house, and in all over 140 residences and buildings.

Barber was active in the Chamber of Commerce where his fertile and progressive mind conceived and proposed many improvements for the City. He urged a more adequate coast defense system.

For four years he was financially interested in the Tompkins & Co. lumber business. On the side he owned a 27-acre farm nearby and enjoyed, figuratively and actually, the fruits thereof.

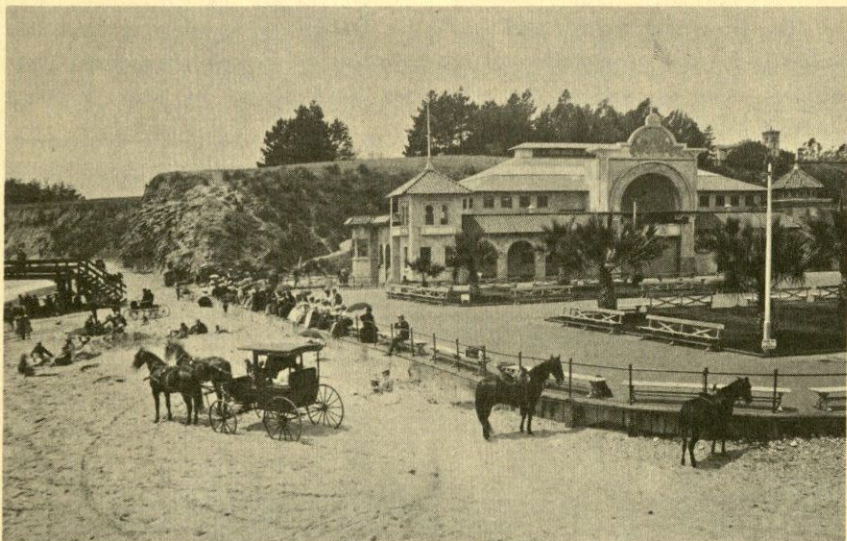
According to one biographer, Mrs. Yda Addis Storke (1891) Peter J. Barber "fostered and encouraged every legitimate enterprise (in Santa Barbara) to the extent of his ability" which was considerable!

LOS ALAMOS

The Santa Barbara Historical Society and Reina del Mar Parlor No. 126 Native Daughters of the Golden West presented and installed bronze plaques at two historic sites in Los Alamos on October first. The De la Guerra-Orena Adobe (1829) and the Los Alamos General Store (1880) are both presently owned by Mr. and Mrs. G. Harold Mathers who accepted the markers at a ceremony attended by a delegation from Santa Barbara including Mr. Frank Price, President of the Historical Society, Mrs. Kenneth Bell, 1st Vice-President of Del Mar Parlor, Mrs. Richard Wells, Past President, and Mrs. Anita Joyal, 3rd Vice-President. Also attending was a bus load of museum officers and staff, and other officers of the N.D.G.W.

The Los Alamos General Store was built in 1880 by Alfred Newman, as a grocery and millinery shop. In 1900 it was purchased by Mr. Max King and named The Emporium. In the intervening years the store was operated by a number of different people but in 1930 it was bought by the Boradoris family.

In 1971 it became the property of Mr. and Mrs. G. Harold Mathers who restored it to its original character and reopened it as a General Store designed to attract customers from a wide area of central Santa Barbara County.



Plaza del Mar, planned and designed by Peter J. Barber. Bath House and Pavilion at what is now Cabrillo Boulevard and Castillo Street. Note fishing pier and band stand. Dibblee mansion on bluff at far right (now City College site).

Los Alamos de Santa Elena Rancho, on which the De la Guerra-Oreña adobe stands, was part of the original Los Alamos Rancho consisting of nearly 49,000 acres, granted to Jose Antonio de la Guerra in 1839 by Governor Juan Alvarado.

Don Jose Antonio was the eldest son of Santa Barbara's venerated patriarch whose house, built in 1826, today is part of the El Paseo complex recently presented to the Trust for Historic Preservation by Mrs. Donald (Suski) Fendon and her children.

The adobe was originally built for Don Jose Antonio by Indians of the nearby rancheria 143 years ago as a home for his bride, Dona Concepcion Ortega de la Guerra, granddaughter of Captain Jose Francisco Ortega who, with Governor Felipe de Neve and Padre President Junipero Serra, founded the Presidio of Santa Barbara in 1782.

After Don Jose Antonio's death, his brother-in-law, Don Gaspar Orena bought the widow's property. He married a daughter of the De la Guerra family and the daughter of this union, Mrs. Serena Oreña de Koch, had the Los Alamos adobe restored. It is one of the most beautiful of the extant old adobe in this part of California. It retains its original character and great charm inside and out and contains many priceless antiques gathered by the Mathers from Spain and Mexico and dating back three or four hundred years.

The Historical Society and the Native Daughters, in selecting these two buildings for the presentation of commemorative plaques, recognized their intrinsic value as well as the roles they have played in Santa Barbara County's colorful history.



Stearns Wharf

SANTA BARBARA YACHT CLUB

According to no less an authority than Lloyds of London, the Bible of all things maritime, verification has come that yachting has been a part of the life of Santa Barbarans since 1872. While the Santa Barbara Yacht Club was not formally organized and incorporated until May 5, 1887, just four months before the first Southern Pacific train reached this city, the club, along with Stearns Wharf, the Chamber of Commerce, the Lobero Theatre and a number of other organizations, is celebrating its centennial this year.

According to Tom S. Crawford,* one-time Staff Commodore, the records show that a clubhouse was established at the foot of Stearns Wharf west of State Street at an early date. The building, which is said to have once been the home or office of John P. Stearns, the lumber man and builder of the Wharf, was approximately 20x35 feet in area and for a number of years served as headquarters of the Club.

A description has come down to us concerning the interior of this building. It was said to be simply furnished with a battered old piano in the northwest corner of the room, a small galley and a wood stove in the northeast corner and a "head" in the opposite corner. On the walls were pictures of locally owned yachts and some portraits of the members.

The membership was restricted to fifty but it was not mandatory to own a boat. Congeniality and what they called "sympatico" were the principal prerequisites for joining.

For a long time few records were kept, but in the summer of 1921 the firm of Hill & Company of San Francisco was retained at a cost of \$3,000 to make a survey aimed at helping the management select a site for a permanent clubhouse. A site at the Bird Refuge was recommended, and as an alternate, it was proposed to build near Castle Rock where the present club is located. The latter site was positively turned down at the time due to the fear of sand and wave erosion, conditions which plagued the predecessor of the present building.

In 1925 Fleischmann, Storke, Murphy and Spaulding offered to build a clubhouse on Stearns Wharf and lease it to the Club. Six commodores from San Francisco and Los Angeles were flown in on Ford Tri-motored planes for their advice on the new building. A banquet was held at the Miramar, the only hotel in town neither destroyed nor severely damaged by the June 29th earthquake. Their recommendations were to construct a small clubhouse, to recruit a limited, congenial membership, and to maintain a low overhead.

**We are indebted to the late Staff Commodore, Tom S. Crawford, who in 1961, prepared a brief sketch of the history of the Yacht Club. Additional data has been supplied by Staff Commodores Wiley Cole and Noel D. Cook, and by Chairman of the Centennial Committee, Allen Schmidt.*

—Ed.

In 1925 the Southern California Yachting Association Regatta was scheduled despite the many inconveniences due to the disorganization of the community after the earthquake. The Regatta, in spite of everything, was the biggest and best in the club's history to that time. A banquet and ball at La Cumbre Country Club which had remained undamaged, was a great success, and trophies were unique in that they consisted of fragments of tile from the wrecked Old Mission and pieces of glass from the old stone lighthouse on the Mesa suitably inscribed on brass plates on wooden mountings. The new club on Stearns Wharf, now the site of the Harbor Restaurant, opened in 1926.

From 1921 to 1929 a Regatta was held almost every year and sums from \$1,000 to \$16,000 were subscribed for the club by some of its wealthy members and the membership was held to 100. In 1929 membership was thrown open to everyone and enrollment soared to between 600 and 700 of which very few were yachtsmen.

It finally became obvious that so large a contingent of non-yachtsmen whose interest was far from boating was destroying the real objectives of the club, and by 1932 it was on the verge of closing down entirely. It was reorganized but lost its clubhouse on the wharf for non-payment of rent. It was briefly known as the Corinthian Yacht Club, but with the renewal of the original charter May 5, 1937, engineered by Major Max Fleischmann, A. C. Postel and others, according to Commodore Tom Crawford, the original name, Santa Barbara Yacht Club, was retained.

BREAKWATER CONSTRUCTED

In 1926 Major Max Fleischmann offered to help finance the construction of a breakwater to provide a sheltered harbor for small boats. A bond issue of \$250,000 was voted in the fall of 1926 and work started on the breakwater in January 1927. The contractor, A. J. Grier, ran into difficulties and the bonding company engaged Meritt, Chapman & Scott who took over the work and completed the job in 1929. The wharf had a length of 2,435 feet and cost \$775,000, much of which Major Fleischmann contributed.

There were a number of large yachts in the harbor in those days, among them the "Haida" (128 feet),* which was Major Fleischmann's yacht, "Faith", later "Araner" (165 feet), "Malibu" (100 feet), "Westward" (68 feet), "Mellilou" (54 feet), "Patolita" (81 feet), "Radio" (110 feet), "Navigator" (78 feet), "Zingara" (65 feet), "Caprice" (65 feet), and a number of others above 50 feet. There were also many 7 and 8 meter star boats, and as well as a number of power boats.

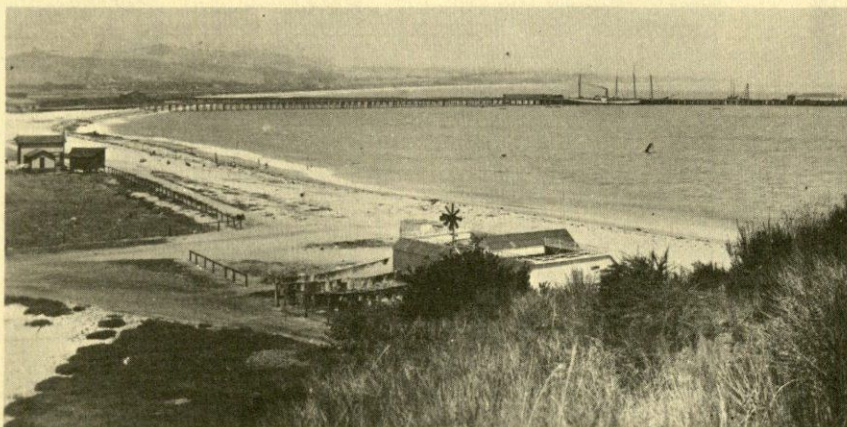
*Haida shown on front cover.

By 1940 the club was in sound condition and temporarily housed in a one-room shack on the east side of Stearns Wharf opposite the Harbor Restaurant. Subsequently plans were laid for a portion of a proposed Navy building near the Breakwater. With the War intervening nothing more was done about a permant home until 1949 when the club temporarily moved into a suite in the nearby Californian Hotel. In 1950 negotiations were opened with the City for a site on the beach where the present clubhouse is located. Staff Commodore Wiley Cole, longtime member and officer of the club arranged to secure a former office building owned by the Union Oil Company which was given to the club and moved to the site. It was in that building that plans for the present beautiful 2-story clubhouse built in 1966 were completed.

The late Staff Commodore Kem Webber in 1949 designed a large addition to the Union Oil building which added much comfort and convenience to the club and greatly increased its efficiency.

In 1965 plans for a substantial new clubhouse were formulated by the then Commodore, William H. Wilson. The following year Commodore Noel D. Cook drew the preliminary plans for a structure to be built upon deeply seated pilings. As Cook was Commodore and also architect, the final plans were completed by Architect Richard Nelson. Robert S. Grant did the exterior design of patios and planting.

Inasmuch as there had been problems of sand and wave erosion with the former 1-story clubhouse, pilings were driven deeply enough to provide for as much as 15 feet of erosion without threat of damage to the structure.



An early picture of Stearns Wharf. The Yacht Clubhouse is believed to be the building at the land end of the wharf. The first bath house is shown in the foreground where the Plaza del Mar is located today. The land was then the property of Thomas Dibblee who rented it to Fred Forebush.



Lord Dunsany and the author in Santa Barbara, 1954

SANTA BARBARA THROUGH THE EYES OF LORD DUNSANY

By Patrick Mahony

"I have never seen a sight like this save perhaps in a landscape canvas by Turner," said Lord Dunsany on the first evening of his stay with me in the summer of 1954. We were sitting on the boardwalk of Miramar Beach watching the sun going down, as the constellations lit up one by one across a darkening blue and the Milky Way traced its pale and wandering path above. On either side the jutting coast was slowly being veiled by opalescent hues, making a mystical effect.

"At first blush I would say that Santa Barbara is a marvelous blend of Capri, Monte Carlo, Seville, and the Grecian Isles, which I know so well. And," he added with a wave of his hand to indicate the background scene, "a suggestion of Switzerland in the way those villas nestle on the mountain slopes like chalets . . ."

VISITED SANTA BARBARA

When, two decades or so ago Dunsany came to visit me in my mother's Montecito home, it was the upshot of a series of events which took place much earlier. In 1927 I had seen a production of his famous one-act play *A Night at an Inn* at the Lobero Theater produced by the late Irving Pichel. The superb use of the supernatural in daily life, which the playwright had made, left a lasting impression on my mind.

So, several years later I was impelled to attend a lecture I saw advertised which he was to give at Peter Cooper Union in New York on the origin of the drama. I remember at the time thinking that this was one of the most original talks I had ever heard. Afterwards I took my place in a long queue of his admirers to shake his hand. Then, a number of years later I was serving as literary assistant to Maurice Maeterlinck, at the end of which period (1947) I decided to revisit my ancestral countries of England and Ireland. The great Belgian writer and his wife had become close friends of mine and we three got on famously.

On parting Maeterlinck said to me: "When you are in Ireland try to find my friend Lord Dunsany whom I knew when we were both lecturing in this country in 1920. You are both wild Irishmen and would, I feel have a lot in common. He's an odd chap, with little or no sense of humor, and he has a smile which reminded me of a brass plate on a coffin. Anyway give him my regards if you meet with him."

The name of Maurice Maeterlinck was indeed a passport into the acquaintance of Lord and Lady Dunsany. He answered me from Dunsany Castle near Dublin: "How good of M. Maeterlinck to remember me. Please come to luncheon here . . . or tea, or even both . . . as soon as you can. And, please, my warmest regards to the master."

And so a friendship began which lasted until the great Irish writer's death in 1957. And what memorable meetings there were in store for me in his home near London, until he came for return hospitality to Santa Barbara.

TALL AND ARISTOCRATIC

Dunsany was six feet in height, a man with aristocratic features and bearing, to whom a Vandyke beard gave the finishing touch. He spoke as he wrote, with an infinite store of words, forms, ideas. And what a pile of fascinating works he left behind to mark his passage here on earth — mainly about a world which de la Mare described as a land where geography ends and fantasy begins. Indeed, his literary eruptions are rather like a volcano, building by these a mythological world of his own creation, a world more Eastern than Western. How easily he passes from the sublime to the worldly wherein he is always a visionary, yet master, of his dreams.

At best Dunsany's work is overwhelming in a way in which his style takes you captive without making you his prisoner. His most characteristic words are colossal, immense, enormous, monstrous, which describe his message. Where he is weakest is a lack of humor, as Maeterlinck hinted. His mental resources, however, lasted to the end and old age seemingly had no power over him. It was as if he possessed the sublimity of the Great God Pan.

AS A HOUSEGUEST

However, as a houseguest he left a lot to be desired. He would be very insistent in his demands and would, when hungry, raid the refrigerator in the middle of the night. He would also moan his poems in his sleep and awaken others. Or he would leave his room as if a rhinoceros had hit it, with clothes and belongings all over the place in disarray! Local society hostesses lionized him for meals but never offered to take him off my hands for a night or two during the two weeks he spent in my home.

As an international celebrity Dunsany was well aware that he belonged to his public, and he was vain enough to lap up the adulation offered him. But it was the beauty of Santa Barbara, and not the hostesses, which really absorbed him. After a visit to La Purisima Mission, which disappointed

him because it had been restored and not left as a poetic ruin, he commented: "Society itself may likewise fall to pieces. And like that Church, set so beautifully amid beauty, the world may fall a prey again to barbarianism. I fear that the present trend towards the clumsy utopianism of the Socialists may reserve for us this lamentable experience. Thank God my own life is nearly over . . ."

He loved the Santa Barbara beaches and made friends with numerous dogs during his strolls. Lord Dunsany had a theory that after man had so ruined his planet, the dogs would take it over and run it better! Using the hypothesis of Reincarnation, he held that dogs were gradually becoming so humanized, and in mutations to come would be born without as many defects as human beings! "Our race is the most destructive of all species," he said. "It invented the tenet that right belongs to the strongest, which quiets its conscience. When man becomes what he ought to be he will give up his role as an sanguinary tyrant."

BIG GAME HUNTER

I did not bring it up, but Lord Dunsany was a Big Game hunter and also was considered a crack shot in Irish pheasant shoots.

His greatest pleasure was to sit by the seashore gazing on the distant islands when clear, doubtless listening to nostalgic sounds of the great past — the rattle of a galleon's cordage accompanied by a sea-chantey sung by Spanish pirates as their ship heaved anchor to enter the open sea. At the Old Mission, where he would lie on the greensward opposite, he would reconstruct the past, evoking the sounds of Indian war-whoops when I told him it had once been besieged; or of a friar tending his vines. At evening he said he could feel the true poetry of Santa Barbara here, with the bells announcing Evensong. Not enough attention has been given, he felt, to the important fact that the Santa Barbara Mission is the only one among them all never to have passed out of Franciscan control.

He was greatly moved on sight of the ideographic paintings done by Santa Barbara Indians at the Painted Cave. These, he claimed, were a device to secure, through the magic of consciously creating wishes with thought-forms, the material needs of the times. Pictorial art of this kind was, he claimed, a forerunner of writing. The Rincon was another sight which held him thrall because he had read the once-famous poem about an imaginary battle there written by the American poet, Bayard Taylor (1825-78) which is called *The Battle of the Paseo del Mar*. Dunsany took keen interest

when I told of the real battle fought there by rival factions of early Californians in March 1828 for the capture of San Buenaventura town. In this battle General Alvarado lost only one man and General Carrillo none! With his own military experience (he had been a soldier in several English wars) Dunsany noted that the jagged Rincon cliffs offered a decided advantage to whomever held them.

He expressed horror at the way the Camino Real is vandalized by advertising billboards and he nicknamed it *El Camino Unreal* because of the lies told by some of the advertisers. He always insisted on going to town through the Cabrillo Boulevard where the scenery rested his mind and where he discovered Asiatic doves flying above the Bird Refuge.

WHO DISCOVERED CALIFORNIA?

According to him it was not Cabrillo who discovered California but a Prince Madog of Wales (the Dunsanys have Welsh blood as well as Irish and Danish). This Prince, according to encyclopedias, was compelled to leave Wales in 1171 due to civil strife there. He reached a Western land late that year which is believed to have been Mexico. Then somehow he entered the Pacific Ocean and brought his crew to a point in Southern California! He returned to Wales and told his friends of a land where the Indians had supplied him with luscious melons and other fruits, then he outfitted for a much larger expedition to return. He set sail and was never heard of again.

All this Dunsany obtained from an old Welsh poem written by a poet named Maredudd ap Rhyss in the Fifteenth Century. The land described is, according to Dunsany, suggestive of Southern California; and the Encyclopedia says the Welsh case for a Pre-Columbian discovery of the New World is based on the fact that certain Indian tribes speak languages with Welsh roots and in early Southern California some were light-skinned — suggesting that they might have descended from the sailors of the Prince Madog expedition. Be that as it may, we are now in the eight hundredth anniversary of this Welshman's expedition.

MYTHOLOGIST

Natural History in Santa Barbara fascinated Dunsany. As a mythologist he could confound authorities with fantastic stories. As a boy he kept singing insects similar to those which soothed him to sleep when in my Montecito house, and he told me one of his early poems was written to a grasshopper. "It is a creature of great poetic worth," he said. "Did not Plato tell us that it was once human and loved singing so much that it forgot to eat and died, becoming reborn an insect so that it could continue singing. That was why, whenever one of my pet grasshoppers died, I would build a tomb in the garden for it."

Earthworms had always been a pet subject with Dunsany, since man would soon disappear from the earth without their contributions to soil fertility. The ants in Santa Barbara, which he continually saw at his feet, were another link to the homogeneity of life uniting it with the pronouncements of the Bible on this industrious insect.

His mind invariably returned to an awareness of historical continuity. He quoted Maeterlinck's great book on the Termite — that its civilization in many respects is superior to our own. He felt that the human aspects of the ant were never sufficiently stressed and it was the best way for man to understand the ant by bearing a relationship to himself.

HUMMING BIRD INSPIRES POEM

The native Santa Barbara humming bird inspired a poem from his pen. Mistakenly he wrote that it visited flowers for pollen and he was annoyed when I corrected him. The humming bird seeks insects which feed on the pollen, which he leaves alone. I noticed he never liked anyone to criticize or correct him. When visiting the garden of Madame Ganna Walska he wrote a story inspired by a so-called man-eating tree he saw there. He referred to the clutching branches as leaves. I told him the right word was *tendrils* and his reply was that he would stick to *branches*.

The last night before his departure he went into my mother's garden for a last look at the Mountains he had come to love. There was splendid moonlight without a cloud, the night solemn and majestic. In the vast shadow of the Valley Montecito Peak stood out like a Cathedral with the heavens for a roof. The rest of the range was cutting its outline like a silhouette. In this scene Dunsany found great contentment and who would not? A day was dead but the scene gave him renewal and hope.

VISITS GRAND CANYON

Next day he went to visit the Grand Canyon en route back to England. I duly received a "thank you" note: "Grand Canyon is the most graphic lesson in Geology I have ever seen illustrated, a perfect cross-section of Mother Earth for all to study. But it is too vast, too overwhelming. Give me the beauty of Santa Barbara. When can I return?"

I had great difficulty in persuading him against another trip. My nerves took a long time to recover from the visit I have described herein! Lord Dunsany's latest biographer, Mark Amory, in his excellent book (Collins Publishers, London, 1972) tells about his visits to me, making them sound very mellifluous. But he was a boy at Eton when they took place and could hardly empathize them!

As for the main body of Dunsany's work — his fairy tales of human life and stories of mythology — they are far too delightful to find fault with yet. It may be another twenty years or so before a new generation find it necessary to come to terms with them, when Dunsany books will have been assorted on the proper place in the temple of fame. We know that they contain some purple prose, brilliant inventiveness, a certain amount of sham, and some atrocious bits of psychological blundering. Much of Dunsany's work is peopled by not quite human things, which gives it all the attractions for both adults and children. Of his satire, which illuminates and anatomises the ugly, he has a magic few writers can muster. Because of this he seems to have come into literary existence when most needed, during the ennui which invaded us in between the two world wars. For those with perception he was able to turn this humdrum life of ours into a castle of dreams!



(Hunt-Stambach house (now relocated on the Mesa)

FROM THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOKS

Flower Festival. With the visit of President Benjamin Harrison to Santa Barbara in 1891, a Festival similar to that held annually at Nice was inaugurated. The success of this festival was so great that it was determined to make it a yearly feature. In 1892 the second such festival was held. The flattering notices which appeared in many newspapers spread the fame of Santa Barbara all over the land. The profusion of flowers was overwhelming. Ten thousand roses were used in decorating a single vehicle. The festival closed with a ball which opened with the Dance of the Flowers.

U. S. Grant IV wrote in 1963 seeking information about the hotels in Santa Barbara in the year 1894 when he remembered coming here in a private car with his grandmother, Julia Dent Grant, widow of General and Ex-President U. S. Grant for a brief visit. He was planning to write a "short sketch" of his life in 1963.

It was in 1879 that General Grant was royally entertained in San Francisco at the then four-year old Palace Hotel. "The entire city put on gala attire; bunting covered the facades of downtown buildings; triumphal arches were thrown across the cobbled wastes of Market Street; and a succession of parades, banquets, receptions, balls and private dinners was planned," according to Oscar Lewis in his fascinating volume, "Bonanza Inn".

Nothing Over 15c, was the keynote in an advertisement in the *Daily News and Independent* for May 5, 1915 announcing the opening of the brand new F. W. Woolworth store in Santa Barbara. Smith's Orchestra entertained the guests and nothing was sold on the day of "The Grand Opening", May 8th.

"Tender Ties for Gentlemen's Necks" read a news story in a tiny newspaper called *The Tomahawk*, which was "brandished daily" for three days of the Ladies' Presbyterian Fair from December 21 through the 23rd, 1874. The Chairwoman of the Executive Committee was Mrs. Mortimer Cook, wife of the banker and builder of the Clock Building. Among the booths at the Fair were Fruits and Nuts, Department of Plain Articles, The Fish Pond, Ice Cream Department, Tree of Fortune, and a Picture Gallery. Incidentally, it was noted that in 1874 the most popular girl's names were: Jennie, Nora, Annie, Josie, Lizzy, Katie, Harriet, Suzi and Sadie.

The Gold Rush so stirred things up in San Francisco that it was difficult to keep up with the population explosion. Whereas in 1847 when Lt. William T. Sherman passed through the city there were barely 400 people there, mostly Kanakas from the Sandwich Islands, and only 812 persons in 1848, at the beginning of '49 there were 2,000, mostly newcomers for the gold fields. Sixty days later there were 3,000 and by July the population had grown to 5,000. A month later it was 6,000 and by the end of the year there were between 25,000 and 50,000. The census of 1852 gave 36,151 and by 1860 the population was 57,000, a decade later it was 150,000. "Never before in history," reported one historian, "had man so rapidly overrun so vast an unoccupied country".

Mt. Whitney in Sequoia National Park is the highest point in the 48 contiguous states, 14,496 feet. The Park Services annually hauls tons of trash from the summit and much of it must be removed in bags by burro pack trains down the steep trails, or by helicopter.

When F.I.M. climbed to the top of Whitney for the first time in 1889 only a very few people had reached the summit. The cairn of stones was then quite small and there was no litter of any kind left behind by the previous climbers.

The first recorded climb was on August 18, 1873 by three Inyo county men who had been trout fishing in the high lakes of the Sierras. This year the Park Service estimated that the number reaching the top of the mountain might exceed 10,000, although the Forest Service doubles that number.

There is a small stone shelter at the summit now and the register posted outside contained more than 2,000 names for the month of July last year. In 1971 more than 1,000 climbers reached the top on Labor Day.

The Youth's Companion for May 20, 1886 includes an article about Santa Barbara which begins by saying: "Santa Barbara is the best known and most popular of all the health resorts in South California." After describing the history of the town, the article continues: "A few tottering adobe huts are the only traces in the town today of that olden time, except the Mission buildings. . . . It has good hotels, comfortable boarding houses, and excellent livery stables; better libraries and far higher average of intelligence and education than are usual on the Pacific slope. In fact, the whole expression of the village, both of the houses and the average faces of the people, is like that of a New England town, and not at all Californian. . . . The absence of the old Mexican, Spanish and Californian in both architecture and people is a loss and makes Santa Barbara less interesting as a study or spectacle, by reason of the very things which render it more desirable as a home."

Thomas Starr King and *Father Junipero Serra* were chosen in 1930 to represent the State of California in the Nation's Capitol, in Statuary Hall. The committee which selected these two names represented some of the foremost authorities on California history. Handsome, life-size bronze statues were executed by Ettore Cadorin of Santa Barbara, and Haig Partigian of San Francisco.

Thomas Starr King, a brilliant Unitarian minister from Boston, where he had become very famous as an orator, was invited to come to San Francisco to fill the pulpit of the First Unitarian Church there in April, 1860, when he was but 35 years old. He became an indefatigable worker for the Union during the Civil War and was credited with "saving California for the Union" through his oratory and writings. He was a leading organizer and worker for the Sanitary Commission (forerunner of the Red Cross) and helped to raise in California one fourth of all the money raised for that cause in America. He became a great advocate for preservation of the Sierras, in witness whereof one of its mountains has been named after him. He died in 1864 at the age of 39 after a short illness brought on by overwork in behalf of California and the Union but his influence has been felt throughout the State ever since.

Ethel Barrymore was a sometime resident of Santa Barbara. She first came here in the 90's when her mother, actress Georgia Drew, became ill while appearing at the Potter Theatre with her husband Maurice Barrymore.

Ethel's famous brothers, John and Lionel and her uncle John Drew, frequently appeared in plays at the old Potter Theatre. Her last professional appearance was at the Lobero Theatre in February, 1944, starring in Emlyn William's play, "The Corn is Green."

Mme. Schumann-Heink, California's far famed contralto volunteered to give a concert for the benefit of Santa Barbarans who had been so unfortunate as to sustain major damage to their homes in the earthquake of June 29, 1925. She had already donated her services for the benefit of the Santa Barbara relief fund in Los Angeles in July. Her acceptance for a recital in Peabody stadium was received by Mayor C. M. Andera on August 28th a month after the earthquake. The concert was scheduled for September 14 and at her request the admission fee began at 25c so that "as many people as desire can attend. I am happy from the bottom of my heart, to be of aid to do my share to cheer up our people of Santa Barbara," she said.

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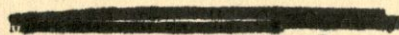

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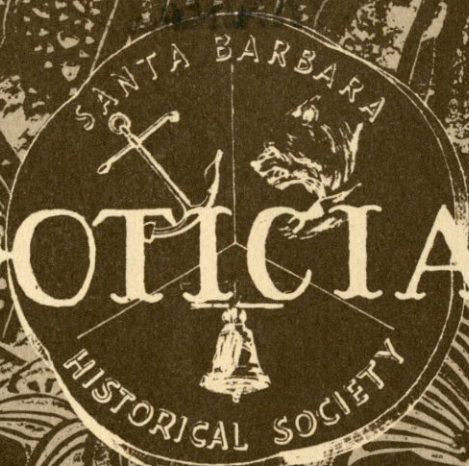
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NOTICIAS



A Word of Appreciation

We are delighted to welcome back our esteemed former editor, Edward Selden Spaulding, who, for so many years was literally the spirit of Noticias. With his contagious charm and appeal, once again he has attracted to these pages the thoughts of several highly qualified authorities on a subject of much interest to lovers of art and history. We are sure that this issue of Noticias will become a keepsake for many of our members.

—Ed.

NOTICIAS

Quarterly Bulletin of the
Santa Barbara Historical Society



Vol XVI No. 1

Winter 1970

Woodcuts by James H. Saint

The woodcut, and engraving on wood, done for the purpose of taking impressions on paper, silk or other material, is historically the earliest known type of this form of art. It is generally conceded that the Chinese and Japanese peoples were the first to discover the use of the woodcut, first no doubt as a means of printing single letters but eventually developing its scope to embrace the more complicated art of illustration.

Wood engraving first appeared in Europe in the early part of the 15th century but it is not known whether this was directly derived from the Orient or was a rediscovery of the art by some Europeans. While the early efforts were simple and rather crude yet this art advanced fairly rapidly so that by the end of the next century, many good engravings were produced, including those by such men as Durer and Holbein. However, even until the latter part of the 18th century engravers had continued to confine themselves mostly to the use of straight lines and simple curves. At this time it fell to the genius and originality of Thomas Bewick in England to point the way of escape from the then conventional and rather rigid type of engraving by giving his work a freedom of interpretation and expression hitherto unknown, thus establishing a new era in this art by his infusion of fresh ideas and criteria upon which modern engraving is based.

Yet another advance was made by Charles Wells who, about the middle of the 19th century, introduced the use of compound blocks — many small blocks, each engraved separately, being fitted together to form a larger one. This method was apparently used chiefly for commercial purposes to expedite

the making of very large engravings by having several engravers working simultaneously on different blocks; it also had the advantage of allowing each block to be painted separately and so initiated the advent of multi-colored engravings, these having been done previously in monochrome. It would be difficult to make reference to the compound block process without mentioning the great George Baxter of London who, in his delightful and exquisite small color engravings produced by this method, achieved a perfection rarely seen since.

In this number of Noticias are shown some reproductions of wood engravings by various artists, including a few representative of compound block process done by the late Morley Fletcher, a recent and outstanding Santa Barbara artist.

Japanese Wood Block Prints by Heartie Anne Edwards Look

Japanese wood cuts can be divided into two main groupings . . . early prints known as UKIYOE, and the present day prints known as HANGA.

UKIYOE in translation means "the floating world" . . . a description of the entertainment world in general . . . including the theater as well as Yoshiwara, the famous red-light district in Tokyo, or EDO as it was then named. These early prints were mainly "throw-aways" . . . advertisements of coming attractions at the Kabuki theaters, or pictorial and graphic descriptions of the various tea-houses and their inmates and even publicity for individual courtesans. The movie magazines of today with their photos of Hollywood parties, and the publicity build-ups of starlets, and studio shots of famous stars, are quite comparable to Ukiyoe in purpose and intent.

Because of the use and purpose of the bulk of these prints, the Japanese never considered them art. They used them for wrapping garbage, the way we use old newspapers. It took the Europeans to make the Japanese realize that Ukiyoe had artistic merit.

Ukiyoe were always done by three men. One man drew the design, the second cut the block of wood (generally cherry), and the third man did the actual printing. In each step of course there were artisans who were especially skilled and excelled their fellow craftsmen. Thus it was important



Frank Morley Fletcher

for a very good designer to have a very good wood cutter . . . and if they couldn't get a good printer they were at the mercy of someone who might not have a good sense of color or a real ability to use pigments. Connoisseurs of course can tell the various combinations with three superb men working together.

In the western world where cooperation and working together is not so important . . . in any field . . . there has never been this joining of artistic forces . . . three artists each having an equally important part in creating one picture. The modern-day artist in Japan who does wood block printing does things in the western way. HANGA are created by one individual artist doing the whole thing . . . designing, cutting and printing. Thus the Hanga have a great deal more individuality and personal style.

It is interesting to note that in the give and take of art throughout the world in block prints the influence has come around full circle. The early Ukiyoe had a great influence in the western world, mainly through France, and now the influence is coming from the western world back to Japan in the method of creating Hanga.

Woodblock Printing in Santa Barbara by Arnold and Gladys LeJeune

It is almost fifty years since the Santa Barbara School of the Arts was started under the direction of Frank Morley Fletcher. Some of the students of those days are still here and prominent in art work; several put in several years at Disneyland. The background of Mr. Fletcher shows his experience and qualifications for his work and how he happened to come to Santa Barbara.

Born in Liverpool, England, in 1865, he studied art in London and Paris. In Paris he met a fellow student, Albert Herter, of New York and Santa Barbara, and it was Herter who, many years later, invited Fletcher to come here. For several years Fletcher was head of the art department at Reading University in the South of England, and while there he became interested in woodblock prints, studying the methods of the Japanese artists. In Japan the artist made the design; then he let out the cutting of the cherry wood blocks to skilled craftsmen, after which the artist did the printing himself. In his book, "Woodblock Printing", (John Hogg, London, 1916) Fletcher says that the cutting of the blocks does not call for nearly as much artistic ability as the designing and the printing. While at Reading Fletcher began making his own prints, doing the entire work himself — designing, cutting the blocks and printing. His first print was "Meadowsweet"; there are several copies of this in California and elsewhere in the United States.

After being at Reading, Fletcher carried on his work in London and became inspector of all arts schools in the South of England, and later he was appointed director of the Edinburgh College of Art, being one of thirty applicants for the position. While in Edinburgh Frank Fletcher became intensely interested in the work of the Design and Industries Association, newly formed in 1916. This association looked ahead to the days when the war would be over and Britain, instead of fighting the Germans, would be competing with them in the market for manufactured goods. The directors of the association realised the very close connection between the design of the article (furniture, clothing, household equipment, for example) and its sales value. The word "art" was deliberately avoided, because so many people confuse art with exterior decoration — they think, for example, that a poster is artistic if it is merely ornamental, even if one can barely read the words printed on it. "Fitness for purpose" was the aim of the association, coupled with sound material and honest workmanship. The directors of the Design and Industries Association knew that it was the manufacturer whom they had to convince; this is far more effective than trying to teach the public to buy well-designed articles, when they cannot find them in the stores. Ornament is commonly used to conceal bad design and workmanship. The plain thing is always better designed and made. It must be, or it would not sell at all.

The association saw, too, that there was a social side to their principles. One day the war would be over and the men would come marching home again. As long as the workman had to produce rubbish, he would not be satisfied with his work or his life, no matter how large his wages or how short his hours. When we buy rubbish, we are not only wasting our money; we are wasting the lives of the men who made the rubbish. All who knew Frank Morley Fletcher found out how deeply he was impressed with these principles in his teaching and his daily life.

After many years in Edinburgh, when he was close to the age of retirement, he received an invitation from his old friend Albert Herter, who lived at El Mirasol, to come to Santa Barbara. Fletcher got six months leave of absence from the College in Edinburgh and came here, where he was much attracted by the atmosphere of the place and the opportunity for the stimulation of art. Before he left he was given an invitation to return to Santa Barbara on a permanent basis and direct a school of the arts here.

In 1923 Fletcher gave up his position in Edinburgh and came here to direct the new school. Among his pupils were Campbell Grant, Richard Kelsey, Joseph Knowles (still teaching here on the Riviera), the late Ernest Nordli, and Channing Peake. As well as teaching woodblock printing, Fletcher brought two fellow artists from the Old Country — Charles Paine to teach



Meadowsweet

Morley Fletcher



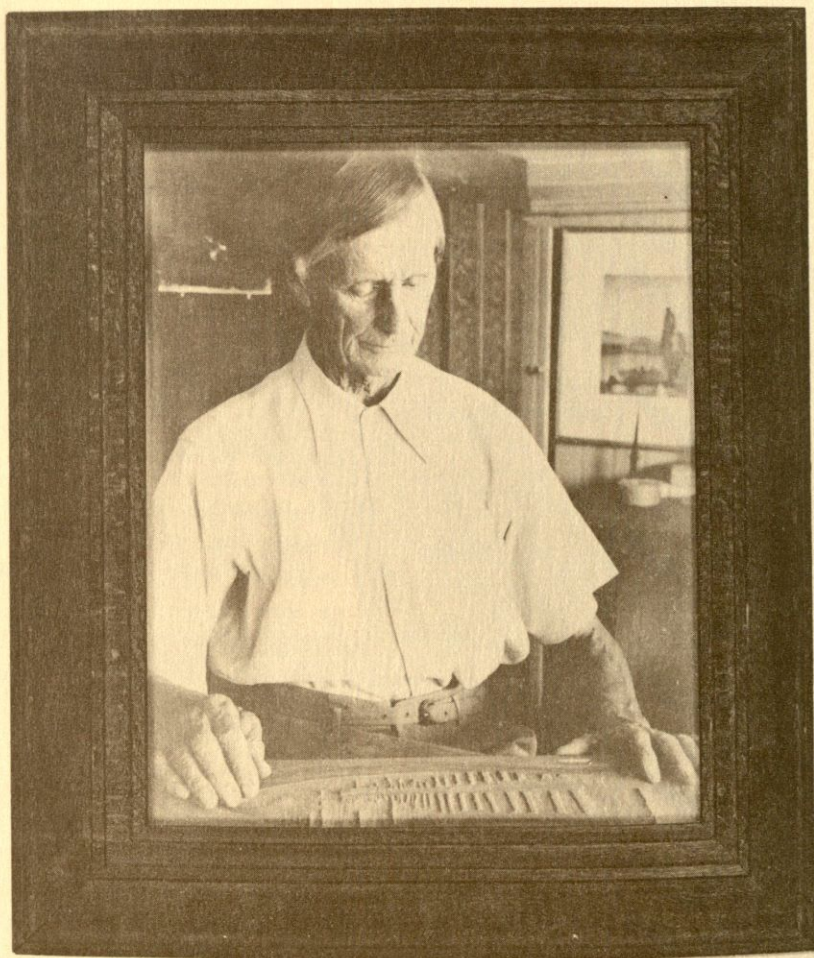
Blue Girl

Morley Fletcher

stained glass and Dawson, a sculptor, to teach bronze casting. One of Paine's pupils was Esther Julian, who is still known for her own work and for the children's classes at the Art Museum, which she conducted for many years.

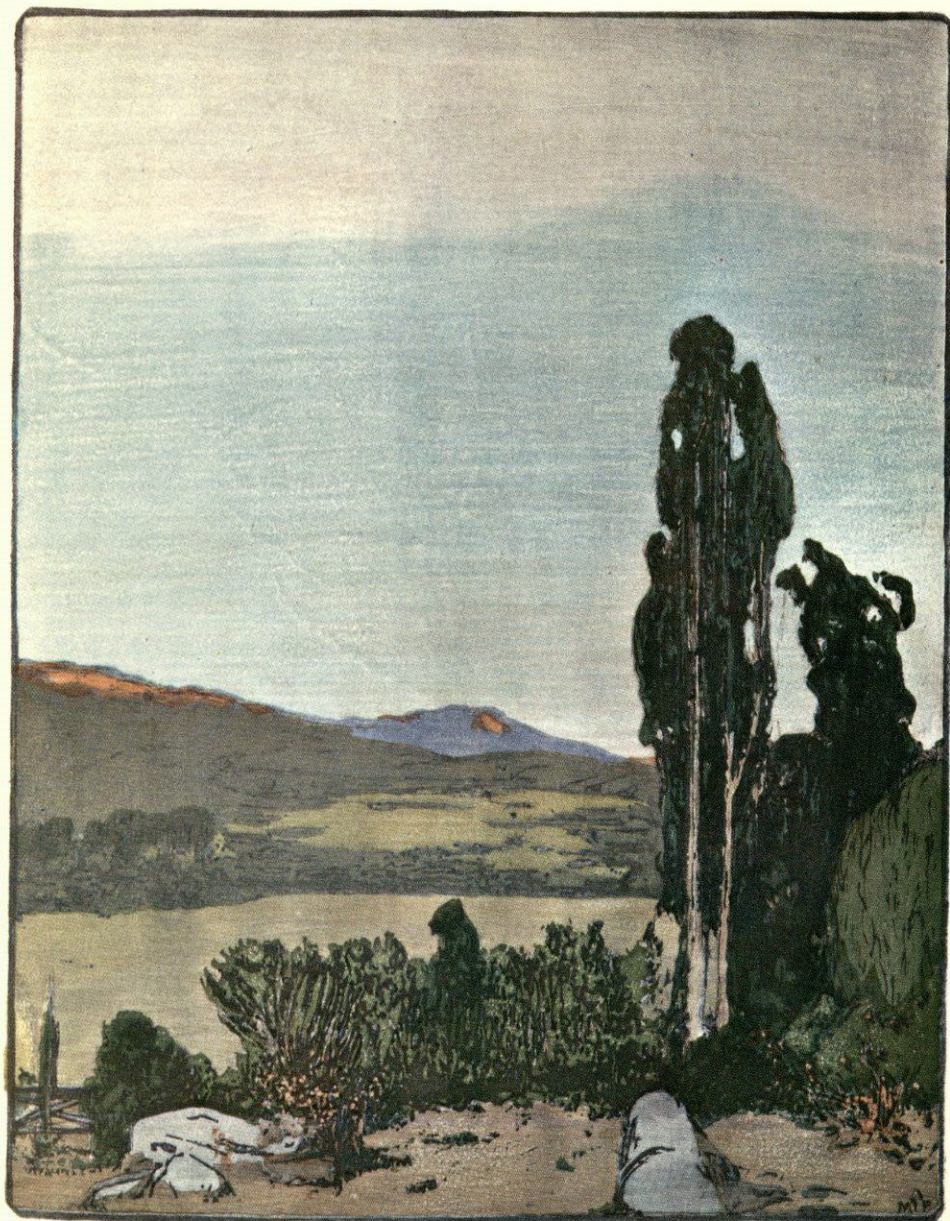
Then the Depression came along and the Santa Barbara School of the Arts came to an untimely end. Fletcher went to Los Angeles, to carry on as a portrait painter, and then to Ojai, where he died in 1949. Among the colour prints that he made in California were Mount Shasta, Salinas River, and Ojai with Topa Topa in the background. Copies of these prints are still to be found here. After his death the authors of this article, as Fletcher's executors, offered one of his prints, "The Waterway", to the Smithsonian Institute in Washington D.C. It was gladly accepted, together with the complete set of blocks from which the print had been made. The executors also gave to the Santa Barbara Museum of Art a complete set of lantern slides, which Fletcher had used when lecturing on the Roman alphabet and our printed capitals.

Mr. Fletcher's prints have been purchased by the British Museum and the Victoria and Albert Museum, London; the Boston Museum, the State Library at Sacramento, the National Museums at Dresden and Budapest. His work was also found during their lifetimes in the private collections of the Earl of Carlisle, the Earl and Countess of Berkeley, Mr. H. G. Wells, Mr. William J. Knapp, and Mr. Francis E. Bliss. In an extract from the Print Letter of the Print Makers Society of California, at their Seventh International Exhibitions in Los Angeles, we read: "To say anything about English block-prints and omit mention of the leader in that country's movement would be impossible. Mr. Frank Morley Fletcher was the man who brought the block-print in England to its high development, and all English workers trace directly to his influence. The Gold Medal winner for this year, Mr. A. Rigdon Read, writes; 'I owe everything that I know about the process to his book, Woodblock Printing.'" High praise indeed!



Santa Barbara's Historic Link to Color Wood Block Printing by Joseph Knowles

In 1927 I had the honor of being awarded a scholarship to the Santa Barbara School of the Arts and in October of that year began my studies under the tutelage of a remarkably fine group of artists and teachers. Of this group, Frank Morley Fletcher, the director, who taught painting, drawing & printmaking, was perhaps the most dominant and constructive influence of my student days.



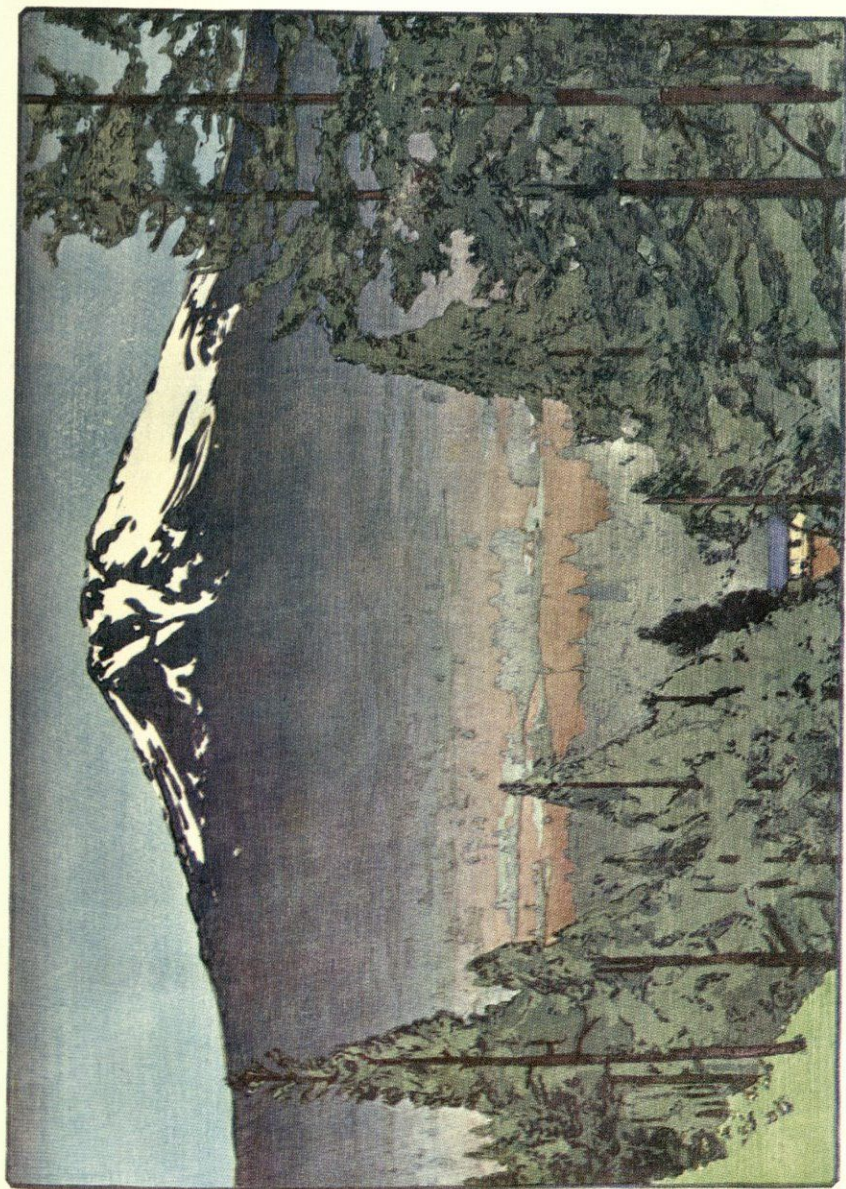
California — 3. Ojai Valley

Morley Fletcher



California — 1. Salinas River

Morley Fletcher



California — 2. Mount Shasta

Morley Fletcher



Campbell Grant

1930

Mr. Fletcher was a genteel and sensitive man, whose integrity as an artist and whose vast knowledge of the great historic traditions in the arts made a lasting impression on all those who were privileged to study with him. For many years prior to his coming to Santa Barbara he had been active in the field of art education in England and for fourteen years had been head of the Art Department at the University of Edinburgh, Scotland. It was while he held this position, that his old friend and colleague Fernand Lundgren, founder of the school in Santa Barbara, invited him to conduct a Summer session at the School of the Arts. Lundgren and Fletcher, along with Albert Herter had been students together in Paris and had spent summers painting along the French coast having St. Tropez as a general headquarters. And so, when the invitation was accepted and the long trek from the rigorous northern latitudes of Scotland to the sunny shores of the Southern California coast was accomplished it was indeed a pleasant reunion with an old friend and reminiscent of those earlier days along the coast of France. However, the visit to Santa Barbara presented something quite new and different to consider, and as the summer session drew to a close the proposal that he accept the appointment as director of the School of the Arts proved to be an irresistible challenge, and he accepted it. His decision meant a great loss for England and Scotland but a tremendous contribution to the cultural development of the Santa Barbara community.

The School of the Arts was a branch of an organization called, The Community Arts Association, which included, the Lobero Theatre, the Music branch, and the Plans and Planting Committee. The Art School through the efforts of a number of civic leaders and Fernand Lundgren the painter, received a Carnegie Foundation grant, which made the start possible. When Mr. Fletcher came to the school it was still in its infancy and under his direction and sympathetic understanding, rapidly grew into an outstanding institution. In a sense he felt that building an art school in a small community in the far Western United States was a sort of pioneering adventure, but he never underestimated the unique cosmopolitan social structure of the community. He recognized from the beginning that a large segment of the people living here were indeed cosmopolites whose interest in the fine arts was well founded by world-wide association with cultural development at a high level. The important private art collections, the unstinting private financial support of the Community Arts Association, including the Fine Arts School, and the determination to fight for the preservation of a magnificent natural environment, was all evidence of a proportionately large segment of the community that provided an atmosphere where creativity could flourish.

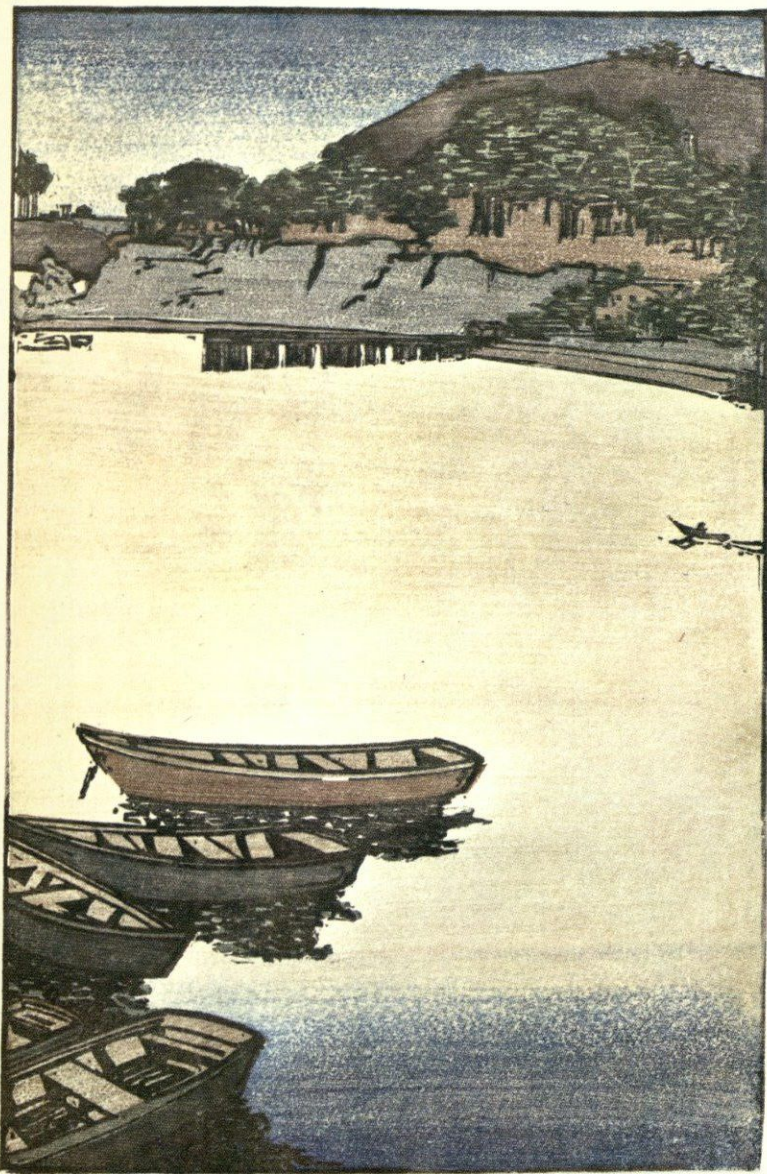
The school did flourish in this atmosphere, and Mr. Fletcher brought a distinguished group of artists to the staff, including, Edward Borein etcher,

Amory Simmons sculptor, Archibald Dawson sculptor, Charles Paine designer, Belmore Browne painter, and many others including artists living and working in Santa Barbara area who lectured on occasion and maintained a close professional association with the school and the students. The interest and encouragement offered by John Gamble, Colin Campbell Cooper N.A., Clarence Mattei, to name a few, established a rapport with the young and struggling artists that had invaluable and constructive influence on all of us at that period. A few of my contemporaries, who I am sure you'd agree about those halcyon days and all of whom have achieved success in their chosen fields, are an indication of the high standard established by the School of the Arts. Donald Hord, sculptor, Richmond Kelsey, painter, designer, Channing Peake, painter, Ross Dickinson painter, muralist, Campbell Grant, author/illustrator, Phil Paradise, painter, print maker, and Anders Aldrin, painter, all were exposed to a very fine educational experience at the school.



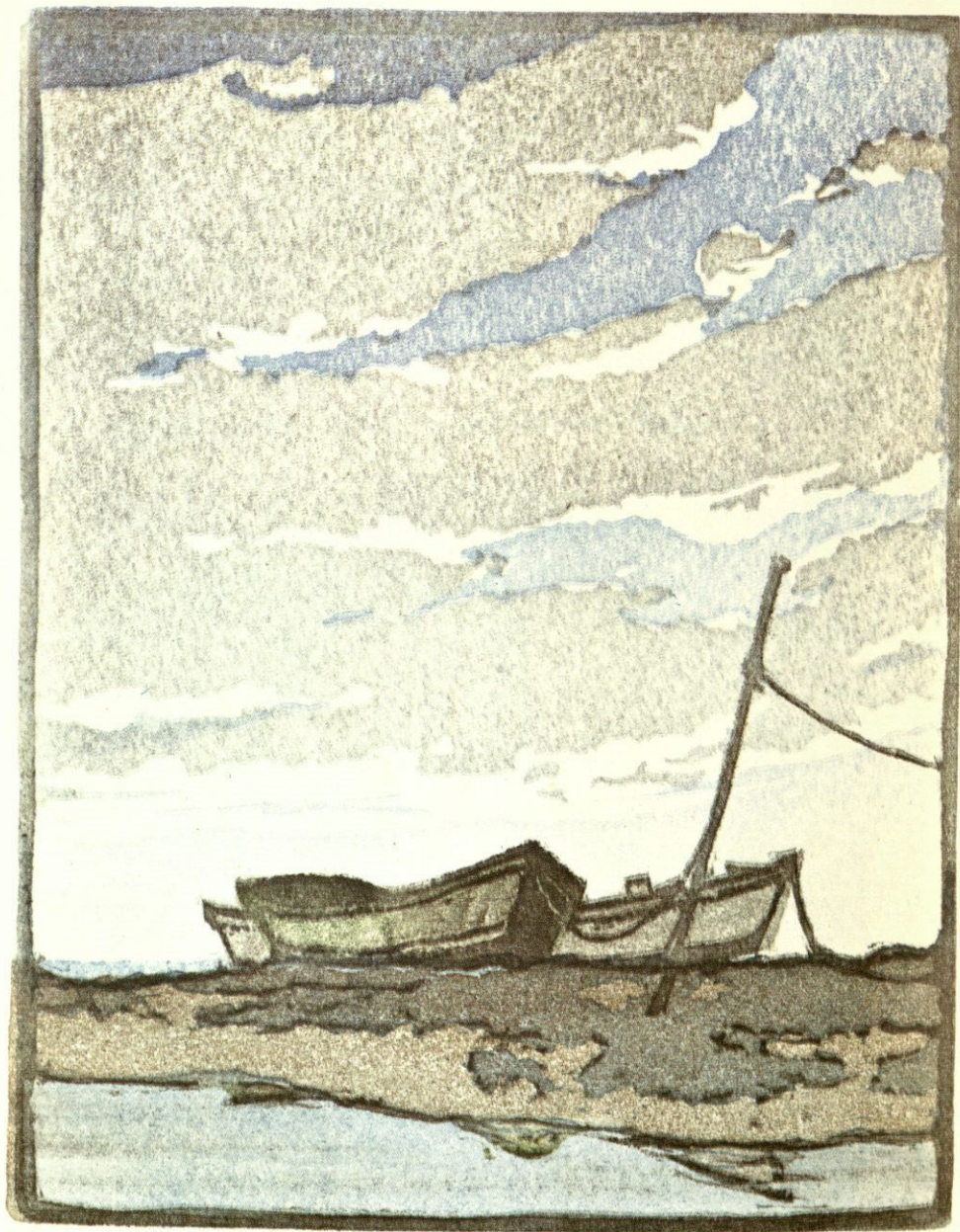
In addition to establishing a high standard of achievement in all fields of the visual art Frank Morley Fletcher brought with him a print-making technique which involved the student and the community in an international language dating back many centuries.

The Japanese color wood-block print technique was introduced to the western world in 1898 at the World Fair in London by two eminent Japanese



Castle Rock — Eventide
From Woodblocks cut in 1927

Joseph Knowles 1969



Richmond J. Kelsey

1930.

artists. A small group of English print-makers including Mr. Fletcher studied with the Japanese printers and learned the ancient and beautiful method of producing the multi-colored print. Up to this time the West had been exposed only to the finished product, and the first exhibitions had a tremendous impact on the contemporary artists of the period. The magnificent use of line, the great strength of design and composition, and the exquisite subtlety of color all had great influence on Western art.

Now the English print-makers had the tools and the techniques and were able to experiment and produce their own prints by the hand pressure method.

Mr. Fletcher had the Japanese cutting tools, brusher and color duplicated by English craftsmen and the papers, bamboo leaf, baren and inks, were imported from Japan, so when he came to Santa Barbara the color wood-block print came with him. From Japan to London to Edinburgh to Santa Barbara is a long journey, but an extremely interesting one in this instance since it establishes our area and the Santa Barbara School of the Arts as a definite link in the long and fascinating history of the color wood-block print.

Fletcher had completed a beautiful series of prints in England and Scotland before he settled in Santa Barbara, and during his residence here he completed several of his most significant works in this medium. The "Mt. Shasta", and the "Salinas River" are among the most memorable. I had the privilege of working with him both at the school and in his own beautiful studio on Puesta del Sol. I assisted in cutting the blocks for the "Mt. Shasta", and it was a great educational experience for me to observe, and to participate in discussions concerning the aesthetic problems to be solved. The experience proved invaluable when later I was involved in producing my own prints by the same method.

After resigning his post as Director of the School of the Arts, he and his charming wife moved to Ojai, where he continued to paint, but failing eyesight soon prevented print-making. Many of his students who had studied printmaking with him had gone elsewhere and so for many years, I, having remained in the community, believe my association with the art of color-wood block printing maintained the local link with the ancient technique.

This saga would not be complete however, without some reference to the current revival of the color wood-block print in the Santa Barbara area. After an interim of some thirty years, once again from Michigan to Japan to Santa Barbara the technique has returned. Mr. Ronald Robertson, head of the printmaking department at the "Brooks Institute, School of Fine Art" is offering students the opportunity to learn the art. Mr. Robertson is one of the outstanding print-makers at work today and spent a number of years in Japan where he met and worked with a group of great contemporary print-

makers. He subsequently published a handsome volume on contemporary Japanese printing techniques, and the students working with him can learn not only the ancient methods, but all of the innovations and refinements of the current method of hand pressure color-printing techniques. The Santa Barbara link established by Fletcher, maintained by a thin line with Knowles, is being forged with new strength by Robertson.

Printmaking in Santa Barbara, 1970

by Ronald G. Robertson

To say that the last few years have witnessed a renaissance in printmaking is now redundant — it is more like a revolution. Full circle has been made linking East and West — one reinforcing the other. Printmakers are no longer content to be relegated to the periphery of the art scene. Perhaps the most conspicuous contrast between the traditional and modern involvement with printmaking is the evident ambition of printmakers to place their work on the same level as painting. The past stratifications of placement in the arbitrary hierarchy of the visual arts has almost been eroded away by the impact of the new prints. Why is this?

Essentially, and in no way invalidating the valuable continuance of traditional approaches, today's prints are not intended to be put in mats and solander boxes, to be held in the hand and lovingly examined. They are often large pictures, bold, colorful, often of mixed media and mirroring the ideologies of contemporary painting and aesthetics. The scale and content of the new prints relative to our times, the exposure and interchange of knowledge between East and West, and the introduction of new materials and methods has resulted in innovations and technical experimentation that can only be termed revolutionary.

This is evident in the increasing difficulty one has in categorizing or identifying the print in terms of the process used in its making. To fully understand the new technical language of the print it is often necessary to know what printmaking processes are being used. There are basically four categories of prints: relief, intaglio, planographic and stencil. The relief print is one in which the printed image is impressed from the portion of the block or plate that is highest. This is accomplished by cutting or etching away areas of the printing surface which are not to be printed or by adhering materials such as glue, paint, string, paper, fabric, etc., to the surface of the block or plate to develop specific shapes, lines and textures and place the adhered objects in relief. Relief prints may be printed by hand or press pressure.



Nihei Sasajima

Landscape of Nara



Moon Glyph and Nightwood

Ronald G. Robertson 1969

Intaglio refers to those blocks or plates in which lines, textures and shapes are etched, scratched or incised and then filled with printing ink or color. The relief surface is wiped clean. Because the printing paper must be pressed into the areas incised or etched below the relief surface of the block or plate, tremendous pressures are required. An etching or similar type press is required to complete the process.

Planography or lithography is quite different in that neither the relief nor intaglio factors are relevant. The image is drawn on a grained or treated stone, metal or paper surface with waxy or greasy crayons or tusche. When the stone or plate is sponged with water the greasy areas repel the water, the negative areas or areas on which there is no drawing retain water. When the inking roller is passed over the stone or plate the greased areas attract ink and the wet negative areas repel it. A print is then pulled, using a lithograph press.

Stencil printing relates essentially to serigraphy as the fine art prints made by the silk screen process are called. Stencil silk is stretched over a wooden frame. The areas which are not to print are blocked out or stopped out with glue, shellac or cut paper, lacquer film or gelatin film stencils. Printing paper is placed under the frame, printing ink placed on the silk and squeezed through the open areas of the silk onto the paper. The result is known as a serigraph.

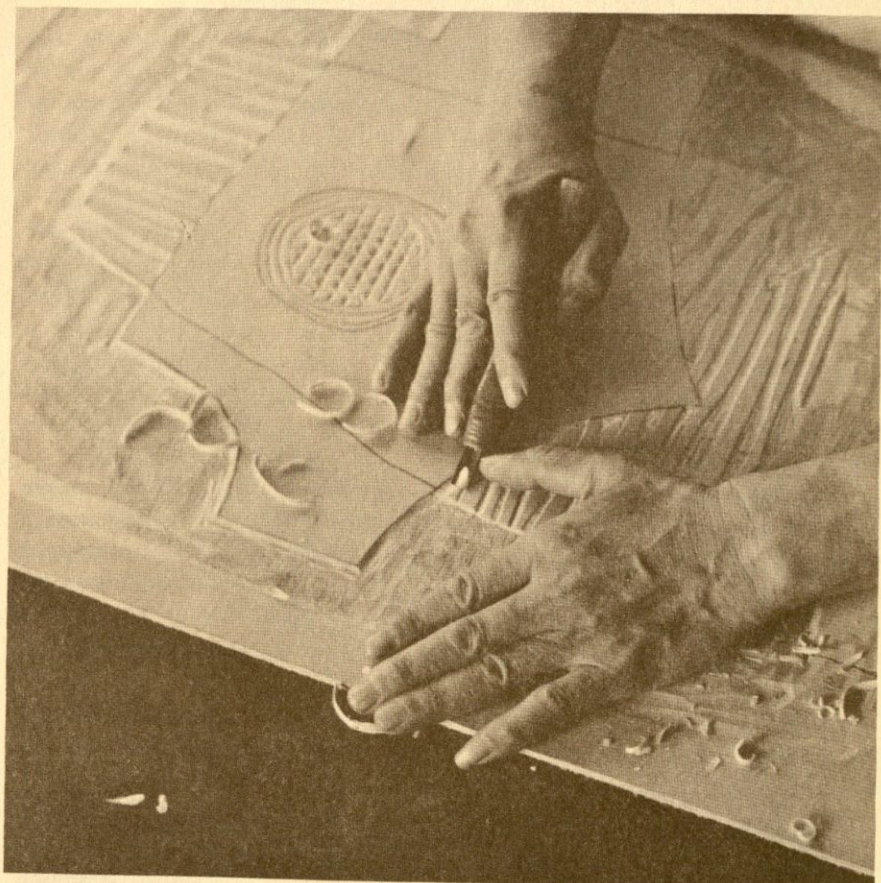
There are many specific processes within the four basic categories and I'm certain more are forthcoming. In the relief categories there are the woodcut, wood engraving, dye resist print, cardboard print, collage print, plaster and casein cut, relief etching, embossed print, plastic print and collograph.

The intaglio processes include line etching, aquatint, soft and lift ground etchings, dry point and a variety of transfer techniques.

The planographic and silk screen categories are generally classified under their basic process names.

All of the techniques and processes described can be mixed, e.g., one color may be printed from a relief block or plate and the second color printed from a silk screen. The combinations of mixed media applications are unlimited. It is in part these innovations that are contributing to the revolutionary character of printmaking today.

In Santa Barbara one can witness this revolution in several places. The printmaking departments of the School of Fine Art at Brooks Institute, The University of California Department of Art and College of Creative Studies and the Adult Education courses offered by the Santa Barbara City College have all been instrumental in expanding the possibilities of expression in this media.



Santa Barbara is host to many excellent print exhibitions each year. The Santa Barbara Museum of Art, The Art Gallery of the Brooks Institute, The Santa Barbara Art Associations' Faulkner Gallery and the Galleries of the University of California at Santa Barbara have almost continuous exhibits. Many excellent galleries, such as the Esther Bear Gallery, the P. M. Gallery, the De Silva Gallery and the Galeria del Sol either feature or periodically show prints by both Santa Barbara artists as well as works by artists from the rest of the world.

To be aware of the printmaking revolution one must see the prints. There are many opportunities in Santa Barbara to view prints and once exposed the viewer often finds himself a member of the growing number of collectors who turn to prints, not just because they are relatively inexpensive, but because of the growing realization that fine prints give a unique pleasure, different, but in their own way just as satisfying as any other of the fine arts.

Guest Editor's Note

In a project such as is this issue of Noticias — where five or six writers have collaborated in the setting down on paper the record of a certain small yet interesting event in our community — it was certain at the start that there would be a small amount of overlapping in the different articles. This has happened in the present instance as a matter of course, but it has been so unusually small and unimportant that I, as editor, have refrained from any tampering or changing within any of the texts. My feeling is that they are much more readable as they are and that the total impression that they convey to the reader will be much better and clearer as they are than would be the case were I to exercise my prerogatives and to alter this phrase and that sentence because they have appeared in somewhat similar form on other pages of the magazine.

— E.S.S.

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